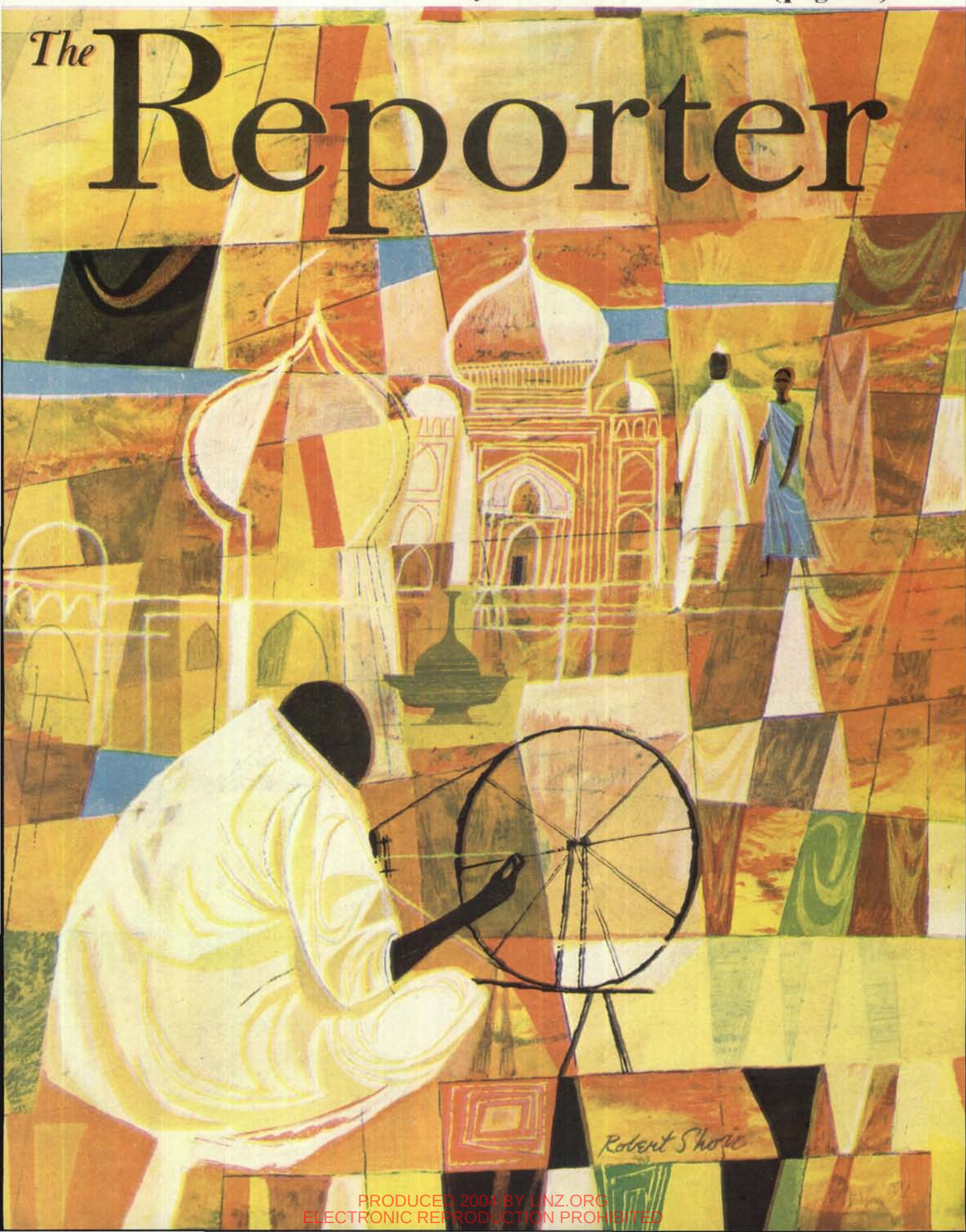
U.S. SCIENCE: THE TROUBLED QUEST

September 14, 1954 25c The Day We Didn't Go to War (page 30)

The Reporter



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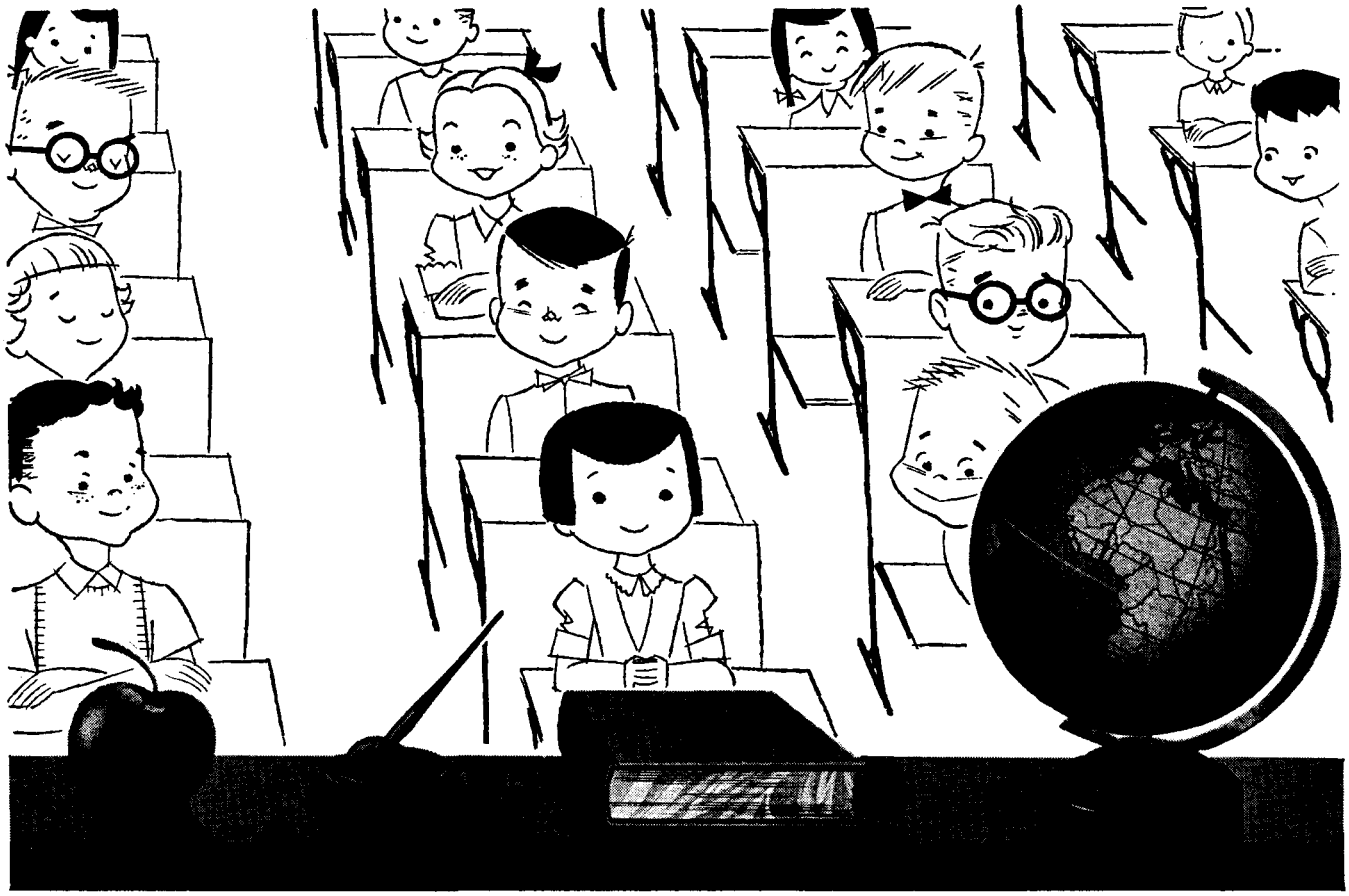

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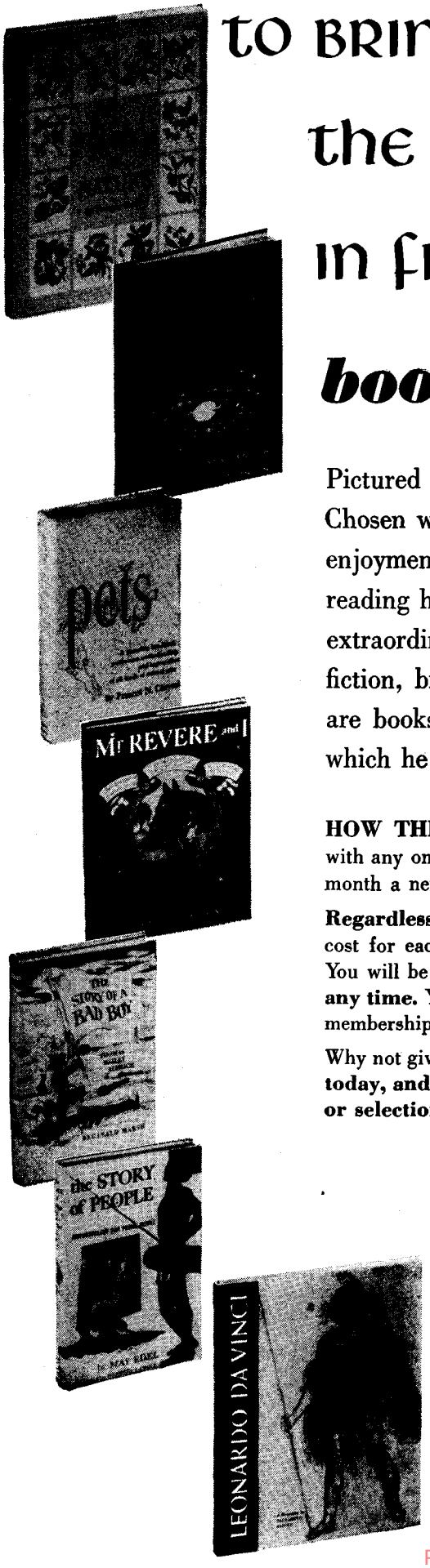

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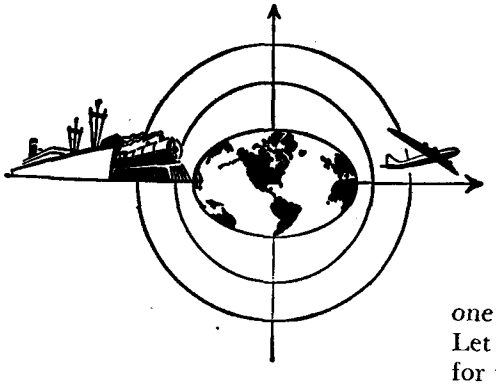

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

PMF and FDR

On August 19 Alcide De Gasperi died with tears in his eyes, after spending a night on the telephone hearing what French Premier Pierre Mendès-France intended to do to the Europe that he and the other great men of the Continent had spent their postwar years trying to build.

He had reason to be dismayed. Mendès-France had insisted on cutting the heart out of the EDC idea of a supranational authority. He said this was necessary to gain enough votes to get EDC through the French Assembly. But the other five European countries had caught the essential spirit of what Jean Monnet, Robert Schuman, and other Frenchmen had been preaching: that it had to be "integration," not just another committee. They felt that it would be better to have no EDC at all than to have the one Mendès-France was seeking.

Mendès-France forced the world to meet his deadline for a truce in Indo-China. He was able to do this because he could say, honestly, that he did not care whether or not he was Premier of France. At Brussels, where he failed, he couldn't be nearly as relaxed about his personal position, because meanwhile he had squeezed out of the Assembly the power to reorganize the French economy. That's the one task he really has his heart in.

Mendès-France chose to put his domestic economic program ahead of building a united Europe, just as Franklin Roosevelt torpedoed the London Economic Conference of 1933 because he was primarily interested in pursuing the New Deal at home. In the United States, this obsession with internal affairs lasted in one form or another for six years. Let us hope it does not take as long for the European spirit to be revived in France.

Signal for the Showdown

Ever since Dr. Otto John, West Germany's top security officer, defected to the East, the intelligence agencies of half a dozen countries have blundered about looking for excuses, explanations, and for counterammunition. The Bonn Government finally denounced him as a "traitor" and the CIA in Washington has labeled his broadcasts "Soviet propaganda."

Propaganda they certainly are, but that doesn't mean they can be easily dismissed. The fears and future of Europe turn on the very issues John has dramatized.

John's attacks on the EDC as the vehicle of eventual German military and political hegemony in Europe echo precisely the fears of France. His attacks on the revival of Nazism and militarism in West Germany match the fears of a large sector of the British public and press. What John, the traitor, has been broadcasting about the need for a reunified and neutral Germany, friendly to both West and East, echoes almost exactly the conviction of an ever-increasing number of German patriots. The same goal has been publicly urged on the German people over the last three months by the Social Democratic Party, by two former Chancellors of the Weimar Republic, Heinrich Brüning and Hans Luther, by influential church leaders, and by lesser politicians, including a parliamentary deputy of Adenauer's own Christian Democratic Union who last week quietly followed Dr. John across the border.

To give a final turn to the screw, Dr. John is urging this goal in the name of "peaceful coexistence," a term minted in Moscow but now recognized as legal tender by both Churchill and Eisenhower.

Whether engineered in Moscow or in the man's own conscience, John's defection is a signal that the showdown struggle for Germany is on. Just ten days before John crossed over, Herbert von Dirksen, one of Germany's top former diplomats, told his countrymen that "the Soviet Union holds in its hands the key to the solution of the German problem—reunification in peace." Until the West can produce a better

THE THRILL KILLERS

"He was a good boy!" sob the frantic fathers,
"I gave him everything!" the mothers weep—
So after eighteen years they see with horror
The hideous harvest that their love did reap.

They gave him everything and understood
Nothing that festered in the twisting mind,
None of the evil bursting into flower
Beneath their eyes, because their love was blind.

They gave him everything—a TV set,
Access to cash, belief, hope, help, and pride—
Everything. But they could not bear to say
How often since their boy was born they cried.

—SEC

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JUST PUBLISHED—The first study of Senator McCarthy in power

McCarthy and the Communists

By JAMES RORTY and MOSHE DECTER

Research sponsored by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, an organization of 300 distinguished American scholars, scientists, and cultural leaders, dedicated to providing intellectual leadership in the fight against Communism and all other forms of totalitarianism.

IN all the uproar about McCarthy there has not been a single painstaking, nonpartisan evaluation of the facts, and of the opinions of both the pro and anti-McCarthy camps, from the point of view of the real issue: how to combat Communism effectively and responsibly. That gap is now filled as Rorty (a Taft Republican) and Decter (a Stevenson Democrat) join forces to examine in detail the most controversial issue in America today.

For those who praise McCarthy's results but question his methods—as well as for McCarthy's opponents—this book will come as a startling eye-opener.

Comments from advance readers:

Reinhold Niebuhr: **"A superb contribution to an understanding of a great American problem."**

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Erwin D. Canham, Editor, Christian Science Monitor: **"This book is realistic, fair and devastating. Among its best elements is a practical treatise on how to defeat communism."**

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THE BEACON PRESS
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one, a certain number of Germans will be tempted to try the key the Russians offer.

Hemispheric Defense

On some subjects the editors of *The Reporter* are stick-in-the-mud, and one of those subjects is women's fashions. We resist change. Of course, after changes have been in effect for two or three years we find our anger subsiding and our eye lingering fondly as before. But it is women we like, not clothes, and it takes two or three years for us to be able to recognize the sweet form beneath the distortions.

We had just persuaded ourselves that the current styles have been quite satisfactory, since the distortions are of what's there rather than of what's not there. Now we must take a firm editorial stand against the announced intention of one Christian Dior to go back to the 1920's, when the birth rate was insipidly low, and make women once again as flat-chested and as long-waisted as adolescent boys. Furthermore, we are not much reassured by the remark of an American designer named Larry Aldrich, as quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune,* that "The change is not so radical that everything people are wearing now has to go into the ash can."

"Mr. Aldrich made it clear," the account in the *Trib* goes on, "that the alterations in the bosom were not a matter of flattening. Stated in geometrical terms, the change is from the conic to the spherical. The displacement upward merely carries forward toward logical conclusion a program long accepted."

Whatever that means, we don't like it, and we are much more disposed to agree with a lady designer named Mollie Parnis to whom the article attributed this heroic battle cry: "Nobody, not even Dior, can change our way of life."

With His Own Eyes

Everything had been done to convince the old man that Americans were really not rarin' to go to war at his side, that they were tired of the whole thing. The only remaining way to convince Syngman Rhee was to expose him to the American people as a whole, and let him judge for himself. He was granted a room in the White House, an address to a joint session of Congress, and a trip around the country.

There were dangers in this course. With this visit, Syngman Rhee stepped out of his role as Korean President and became, for a little while, the unofficial spokesman for a wing of the Republican Party that thinks in private what Rhee is willing to proclaim at the top of his voice. It is not too much to say that two souls or factions of the party were, for a moment or two, represented by two Presidents, one elected, the other imported.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

In order to obtain faster nationwide distribution of *The Reporter,* the magazine will henceforth be printed by the McCall Corporation in Dayton, Ohio. Our next issue, with cover date of September 23, will be on sale in most cities September 16.

That a foreign politician with such a stake in war, any kind of war, the sooner the better, should have pre-empted such a place in our domestic politics is a symptom of a deep malaise. It would be better to have American Rhees—domestic politicians who would outspokenly endorse preventive war. Then the American electorate could deal with them as they deserved.

But the reason there are no such politicians (there *is* at least one such newspaper publisher) was illustrated by the supposed-to-be triumphal tour of Dr. Rhee, who must certainly be put down as one of the determined men of all time. The speech to Congress was received in embarrassed silence. American audiences told him, first hand, a truth he wouldn't take from any U.S. diplomat: Americans don't want to invade China or even North Korea. They think the South Koreans are brave and they're glad to help an ally, but they want out.

It's the judgment of President Eisenhower and the State Department that Rhee learned the lesson—well enough, at least, to enable four of our six divisions now in Korea to be withdrawn. Maybe some American politicians, watching Rhee's trial

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balloon get pricked, have learned something too.

Isolationist? Who, Me?

A coast-to-coast survey by Dr. George Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion reveals that six out of every ten Americans (sixty-one per cent) proclaim themselves to be "internationalists," while only one person in six (seventeen per cent) is willing to accept the tag "isolationist." In this poll, the Middle West is "internationalist" four to one, and Republican voters are slightly more "internationalist" than the Democrats.

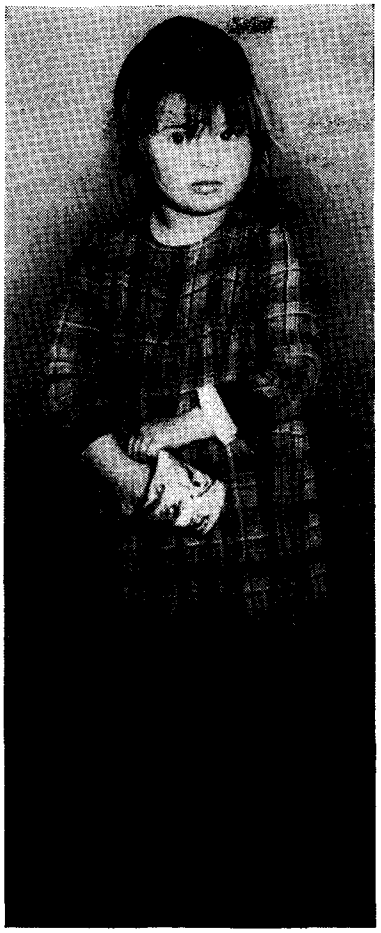
The people polled were not asked if they opposed the recent cut in foreign aid, or the Bricker amendment, or if they thought we should maintain our system of alliances. They were asked simply to choose between two emotionally charged words: "Would you say that you, yourself, are more of an isolationist, or more of an internationalist?"

The fact that the question was loaded is precisely what makes their answers interesting. Whatever else the poll shows or might have shown, it is clear that the word "isolationist" has become unpopular. Perhaps in a decade or so, the policies for which it stands will be just as unpopular.

Bridges Burned

In the closing hours of Congress, the senior Senator from New Hampshire took the floor to answer the article entitled "Senator Styles Bridges and His Far-Flung Constituents" in our July 20 issue. "For the record," said Senator Bridges, ". . . I flatly and unequivocally deny the truth of any and every implication, insinuation or innuendo in the Reporter magazine in regard to my public or private life as a United States Senator." He denied, in short, everything but the facts.

There was quite a lot more—it runs for more than seven pages in the *Congressional Record*. Following the old rule about attack being the best defense, Senator Bridges did not take up or refute a single fact in *The Reporter's* article but concentrated instead on saying behind the familiar screen of immunity things that were both irrelevant and untrue about the people who put out the magazine. The altercation will continue.



Who will look after Erika . . . where will she go?

This is Erika aged 4. She lives with her aged, broken grandmother. They have known only loneliness and despair. Her parents, driven from their native Estonia, met in a forced labor camp in Germany. Here Erika was born. Broken in health and spirit, her parents died in anguish for the safety of their beloved child. With little more hope than at the beginning, and in spite of utter misery, Erika and her grandmother fled into the Western Zone, driven by a fierce longing for home and roots. Home has been a DP barracks, cold, bare and damp. To them all is lost. There is no chance to emigrate. How long can her sick grandmother look after Erika . . . where will she go?

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CORRESPONDENCE

PLANES AND BASES

To the Editor: In the article about Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire (July 20) you infer that the reason a bomber base is being constructed in New Hampshire was because Senator Bridges used his influence as Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee to persuade the Air Force, and me personally, to place this base in his state.

That is not true.

During the some four and a half years I was the civilian head of the Air Force, no member of Congress was ever responsible for the choice of any base, or plane, or any other piece of equipment.

I do remember once telling the New Hampshire Senators that the fighter base at Manchester, New Hampshire, was too close to the mountains for the required glide pattern necessary for the new jet fighters, and that therefore said base would have to be closed.

I also remember my relief when Senator Bridges replied: "If that is the right thing for the Air Force to do, naturally I am sorry for New Hampshire; but of course it should be done."

As to the cancellation of the Kaiser-Frazer plane contract:

I was a minority member of that Committee, and fully concurred in the investigation of this contract; and also in the cancellation of the contract.

While I was Chairman of the National Security Resources Board I questioned pooling the said plane contract with the Kaiser-Frazer automobile company because there was bound to be disagreement as to allocated costs, because Kaiser-Frazer already owed the RFC a great amount of money, and because no one could be sure of their aviation engineering capacity.

But the decision to cancel this contract was solely that of the Air Force. We of the Committee had nothing to do with it.

Now as to a report being issued after the contract had been cancelled. The report probably would have been damaging to the Kaisers, with little constructive coming out of it. It probably also would have been critical of the Air Force.

The members of the Committee discussed the possibility of a report, and the Committee decided that at that time a report might be unwise. Therefore the members took no action in that it might have been an unnecessary belting of the last great military force left in the free world against the advance of Soviet Communism — the armed forces of the United States.

Haven't we had enough of Congressional committees unnecessarily attacking our armed forces?

I am glad to give you the truth as I know it about those parts of the article with which I am familiar.

STUART SYMINGTON
Washington, D. C.

(Senator Symington, of course, was no longer Air Force Secretary when the decision to build the Portsmouth-Newington base was announced or during the backing and filling that ensued. We are very glad to have the Senator's fuller explanation as to why the Armed Services Committee didn't pursue the Kaiser matter further.)

RESIGNED, NOT FIRED

To the Editor: William Harlan Hale's article on Scott McLeod (August 17) is so important, and is, so far as I know, so accurate except for one point, that I regret that I must point out that one error.

The statement that my resignation from the Department of State was brought about by Mr. McLeod in connivance with the McCarthy Committee is simply not so. No one in the Department or in the International Information Administration arm of the Department suggested, hinted, or implied that I should resign. I had no word, directly or indirectly, from Mr. McLeod or any of his assistants concerning my position in the Department of State.

There were two basic reasons for my resignation:

1. With Senator McCarthy and his friend Senator Bridges on the Appropriations Committee before which the IIA was about to appear to secure funds for the new year, my presence in any top position would have hurt the IIA and my colleagues in it. I believed then and still believe in the vital importance of the international information program. The program has usually had rough sledding in Congress and I had no desire to make that trip any rougher.

2. In view of the complete silence of Secretary Dulles and his associates of the "new team" while I was under attack by Messrs. McCarthy and Cohn, it was clear that my personal usefulness in the Department would be doubtful in the months then ahead.

I resigned on my own terms, at a time I selected, and with an unusually warm and friendly letter from my boss, Dr. Robert Johnson. Mr. McCarthy, who expressed happiness, and Mr. McLeod, who said nothing, heard about my resignation after I decided on it. Their engineering was not involved.

REED HARRIS
Washington, D. C.

UNDERSTANDING UNDERGARMENTS

To the Editor: After reading "The Great Torso Murder, or, Let's Investigate Foundations" in your August 17 issue, I got such a "kick" out of it that I reread it aloud to my wife who, incidentally, has recently rebelled against that tight undergarment called a girdle.

However, since the second reading, I find I owe an apology to Marya Mannes for missing the bus during the first round. It was the finest piece of allegorical writing I ever read in a magazine and I completely missed the meaning, metaphorically implied, when I first read it.

Thus, my apology will take the form of a promise. My first reading of *The Reporter* will henceforth be a "sighting-in shot," my second reading will be "shooting for the money" as we used to say in the (Old) Marine Corps back in 1917.

CLIFF SHINERS
Santa Ana, California

HE WASN'T THERE

To the Editor: In your June 8 issue under *The Reporter's* "Notes," reference is made to me in connection with the Special Committee to Investigate Tax Exempt Foundations (Reece Committee).

It seems to me that the article leaves the reader with the impression that the Committee staff's report is in part my work or at least that it reflects my views. This is definitely not the case. I resigned as "Special Expert" for the Committee on April 1, 1954, and I had nothing whatever to do with the preparation of the report of the Committee staff. The first knowledge I had of its content came to me after it had been presented to the Committee. Inasmuch as I have no connection with the Committee staff, I do not wish to be held responsible for the Committee's present or future activities.

GEORGE B. DE HUSZAR
Chicago

(The Note did not imply that Mr. De Huszar had worked on the report, only that it reflected his views. We are pleased to learn that it did not.)

TERRIBLE TEMPERED WESTBROOK P.

To the Editor: I enjoyed Robert K. Bingham's satirical review in your August 17 issue. Like Mr. Bingham, I have tried to swear off reading the terrible tempered Westbrook P., but his vituperative style and original opinions make it difficult to abandon him. The other Hearst scribblers seem weak-kneed by comparison.

History probably will pigeonhole Pegler as one of the most colorful polemicists of his generation and a good sports writer gone wrong. When he gets off on the reminiscent kick about his early journalistic experiences, it is easy to forgive him his unreconstructed political views, for there are few columnists in the business today who can touch him for sheer writing power.

RIDGELY CUMMINGS
Hollywood

To the Editor: I am moved to say that Eisenhower, the man Pegler lampoons, is the fortunate one and Bricker unfortunate. He praised Bricker.

FRED G. HUNTINGTON
Billings, Montana

(Since Mr. Bingham's article appeared, The Reporter *has been on the receiving end of Mr. Pegler's "vituperative style and original opinions" in no less than three daily columns.)*

BRIDGES FALLING?

To the Editor: This is a kind of mash note brought on by your superb piece on New Hampshire's senior senator. This is the finest

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thing of its kind I have ever seen, and I sincerely hope it brings major financial rewards for the magazine, strong consideration for a Pulitzer prize, and an honorary citizenship in the Granite State if you would be willing to accept it.

I am only sorry that such a political vacuum exists in the state that your work cannot result in a substantial impression at the polls in the fall. At least that is my impression at the moment. No candidate has yet come forward to oppose the man, as you know. The others who are contending for Upton's seat are, I suspect, trying to exercise their wings in a test flight. Powell appears to have the advantage at the moment through organization, but that might be a purely local view. Norris Cotton is the choice of another group.

GRATEFUL REPUBLICAN
Exeter, New Hampshire

AMEN

To the Editor: The perceptive linking of the renascent "Back to God" campaign with nationalism and conservative economics is something to be applauded. William Lee Miller [in "Piety Along the Potomac," August 17] does not fear calling a spade a spade, or calling a God a God for that matter.

ROBERT REUBEN KLEIN
Newark, New Jersey

To the Editor: With all the superficiality which emanates from Washington and elsewhere of late, the voice of the prophet seems sometimes almost unheard in the land. (I am still writhing from a quote used in my own seminary's promotional material recently, something like, "It is as natural for President Eisenhower to be religious as it is for some men to be irreligious.")

MILDRED L. ALLEN
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the Editor: I regret that a topic of such importance, so admirably handled otherwise, should have been infused with that ever so subtle anti-Republican bias.

SIRIUS C. COOK
New York

To the Editor: It seems to me that a single word completes the analysis: *Amen.*

T. DONALD RUCKER
Harrisburg, Pa.

To the Editor: To Mr. Miller's article I must say "*Amen.*"

REV. RICHARD W. TAYLOR
Chicago

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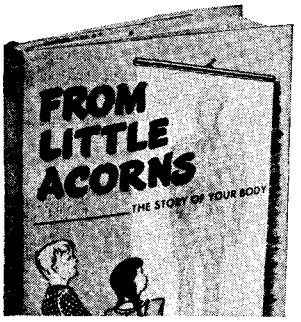

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OUR National Correspondent spent most of the summer with scientists and government officials. **Theodore H. White's** two-part article, starting in this issue, reflects the excitement and enthusiasm that he found widespread among American scientists. They look forward—just ahead of us—to a new period of discovery. At the same time they are deeply troubled. Science serves the national security, but does the national security serve the needs of scientific discovery? Will the dependence of science on dollars from patron government hold back the development of new scientific thinking? How are America's top scientists reacting to the government security system in the post-Oppenheimer era? The second part of Mr. White's article will appear in our next issue.

NO POINT FOUR program has birth control on its agenda for helping foreign nations. Because of divided opinions in this country such action would be impossible. In India until two years ago, public discussion of the subject was taboo. Then Nehru, in a major speech, faced the issue of India's overpopulation. **Jean Lyon** has spent the last four years in India, where she completed her book *Just Half a World Away*. She was a New York *Times* representative in China when the Communists took over.

Oden Meeker's article on Cuba's dictator is based on a recent visit and on talks with Batista's political opponents exiled in Miami and New York. Mr. Meeker is a free-lance writer who has written a number of articles for *The Reporter*.

As a special feature in this issue we publish a staff-written appraisal of the Eighty-third Congress which demonstrates, once again, how amazingly flexible are the boundaries of the American political parties.

By now, Senator McCarthy's life and works are so well known—after being raked over by a couple of committees—that they have become a bore. But the historical movement of which he willingly made himself a symbol is broad and deep, and a subject worthy of the historian who deals with it in this issue. **Eric Goldman's** *Rendezvous with Destiny*, a history of modern American reform, won Columbia University's Bancroft Prize last year. Professor Goldman teaches at Princeton.

Chalmers M. Roberts, reporter on foreign affairs for the Washington *Post and Times Herald*, has the knack of getting at the interesting facts behind the fixed scenery of diplomacy. His story of the American decision to fight—and then not to fight—in Indo-China is the most complete account of this affair so far available.

After reading the lament of a bookie over pari-mutuels and Senate investigations, we are forced to the immoral conclusion that there are some business enterprises which grow less interesting as they become more honest. **Don Mankiewicz** is a novelist and a resident of Nassau County, New York – not too far away from the race tracks. In 1952 he was a Democratic and Liberal candidate for the New York State Assembly.

THE Toronto *Star*, from **Frank Rasky's** account, must be an exciting newspaper to read. Certainly it is entertaining to read about. Mr. Rasky knows it and its legends well, since he once worked for it. He is now editor of the Canadian magazine *Liberty*.

It is not often that we publish two differing views of the same book. But the importance and interest of William Faulkner's *A Fable* is such that it will provide, for many months to come, ground for heated discussion—some of which will doubtless be furnished by those who have the patience to read it. **Irving Howe** teaches at Brandeis University and is the author of *Faulkner: A Critical Study*.

Frederic Morton's latest novel was called *Asphalt and Desire*, a title that might be applied to his review of Ben Hecht's youth in the streets of Chicago and the energy that drove him on in his career.

Our cover is by **Bob Shore.**

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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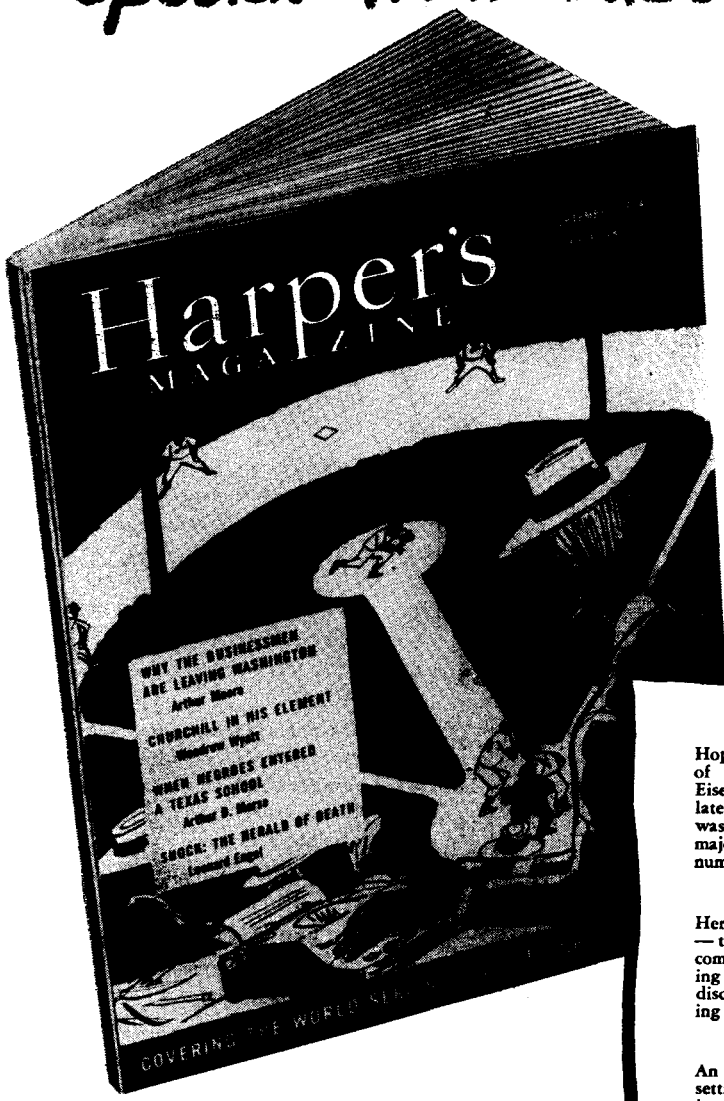

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A glance at the contents of the September issue will convince you that *Harper's* embraces almost every area of adult human interest.

WHY THE BUSINESSMEN ARE LEAVING WASHINGTON

Hopes were high in Washington on take-over day in January 1953. Some of the most famous names in industry and finance had answered Eisenhower's call to serve in government positions. Eighteen months later, there had been some twenty major resignations — and the President was finding the job of replacing them difficult and painful. There are five major reasons for these resignations and the author applies them to a number of major appointees who have left. ***Arthur Moore***

SHOCK: THE HERALD OF DEATH

Here is a fascinating report on the latest medical discoveries about shock — the physical state that precedes death from almost any cause. To combat it, astonishing new drugs have been brought into play — including chlorpromazine which may turn out to be the most important medical discovery since penicillin, with a wide range of uses, including the calming of anxiety in mental patients. ***Leonard Engel***

CHURCHILL IN HIS ELEMENT

An unusual and colorful portrait of the Prime Minister in the role and setting that he himself likes best — as a parliamentarian and politician in the House of Commons. The author is a young Labor Member of Parliament who, since 1945, has been making a reputation for himself by challenging Churchill in Commons. ***Woodrow Wyatt***

COVERING THE WORLD SERIES

Outside of a political convention, no week-long event in America can command the news space devoted each year to the World Series. To the sports writers involved, it is a ritual which combines the best features of a convention and the Feast of Bacchus. The author took part in this rite for nine years as a reporter for the International News Service and explains just how it works and some of the funnier things that have happened in the press box during the Series games. ***Charles Einstein***

PSYCHOANALYSTS AND WRITERS

One of America's leading critics and writers takes on the psychoanalysts — notably Dr. Edmund Bergler — who have been devoting so much time recently to explaining why writers write, why writing is a form of neurosis, and what shocking psychoanalytical interpretations can be put on many familiar works. ***Malcolm Cowley***

WHEN NEGROES ENTERED A TEXAS SCHOOL

In 1952, Texas was a rigidly segregated state. In September of that year — a full twenty months before the Supreme Court decision barring segregated schools — seven Negroes were admitted to the freshman class of Del Mar Junior College in Corpus Christi, Texas. This is an absorbing account of what actually happened at Del Mar while the citizens of both races watched anxiously. ***Arthur Morse***

Also in this issue: OUR CASTLES IN SPAIN by *F. George Steiner* . . . PATER FAMILIAS by *Phyllis McGinley* . . . SNAKES AND SHILLINGS, Part Two of *The King and His Beasts*, by *Gerald M. Durrell* . . . DOODLING IN THREE DIMENSIONS by *Dan Wickenden* . . . A SOFT ANSWER by *John D. Weaver* . . . THE EASY CHAIR by *Bernard DeVoto* . . . AFTER HOURS by *Mr. Harper* . . . THE NEW RECORDINGS by *Edward Tatnall Canby* . . . THE NEW BOOKS by *Gilbert Highet* . . . LETTERS . . . PERSONAL & OTHERWISE.

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HARLAN CLEVELAND

Three Cheers for Stagnation

THE MIDYEAR report of the President's Council of Economic Advisers used to be one of those government reports an economist had to read, even if he was on vacation. This year, the Council held its peace, and the President put out an economic report that was "must" reading for politicians. The gist was that things have leveled off.

To be sure, five per cent of the labor force is still unemployed, and economic activity is leveling off at rather more than $15 billion below the rate of reasonably full employment activity. But after business had been going down for a year, it was even a relief to read a prediction (by the National Planning Association) that for some time "business activity might move approximately sidewise."

But is "sidewise" good enough?

EVERY DAY our population grows by more than seven thousand. Every day there are sixteen hundred more Americans looking for work. Our capacity to produce children and prevent old people from dying continually stumps the experts. It was only eight years ago that the Census Bureau, in its first postwar forecast, predicted that America's peak population would probably be 164.5 million—and would be reached in 1990. We will actually reach that figure by next year or the year after at the latest—and there is plenty of room for more.

Our productivity—or how much we turn out per man-hour—also climbs at steeper and steeper rates because we keep putting more and more machinery and power behind each worker. Twenty-five years ago, we raised our output per man-hour by 2.4 per cent a year, which even then was among the highest rates of increase in the world. In the last three years, 1950-1953, our productivity has been gaining at the extraordinary rate of 5.6 per cent a year.

If there are more workers next year than this and if each worker can turn out more next year than he does this year, there is created a constantly growing need, or "demand," for more goods, more investment, more jobs. This rising "demand" should normally compel a rise in production, create more jobs.

But our prosperity has been unstable since the Korean War started, because it was based so largely on what the government was buying for defense. What happened last year was simply that the government decided to stop buying as much as it had been, at about the same time that many businessmen found they were overstocked with unsold goods. With government and business both slowing down their purchases, our total output sagged. Last spring we were turning out goods and services at the rate of $371 billion a year. This spring we got down to $356 billion before starting to "bottom out."

The damage is not, of course, wholly measured by that decline, because our population and our productivity kept on increasing during the decline. The true damage is the difference between what we produced during the recession and what we could have produced at reasonably full employment during the same period.

THE FACTS, then, are reasonably clear. But it's election time again (so soon!), and both the President and his opponents have to put the facts into the perspective of politics. Following tradition, the Ins look backward and the Outs look forward.

Since we live in an economy where rapid growth is normal, it is easy for the Ins to make the present look good by comparing it with the past. The Democrats, looking backward in 1952, announced that "You never had it so good." A Republican President in 1954 need look back only to 1952 to say the same thing: ". . . economic activity of late has been higher than at any time before this Administration assumed responsibility."

The task of the Outs is to take our minds off where we've been and get us thinking about where we ought to be. Republicans in 1952 said that tax cuts, more incentives to business, and a smaller, less wasteful bureaucracy would make everybody better off. The Democrats in 1954 can say we're already running too far below our capacity. Every day business remains merely level, the Democrats can charge, puts us farther and farther behind where we ought to be.

"YOU SEE," said the Red Queen to Alice, "it takes all the running *you* can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

A more contemporary authority, Dr. Arthur F. Burns, the President's chief economic adviser, puts it this way: ". . . our country has the capacity to raise physical production from its current annual level of around $360 billion to $440 billion, or even more, in a mere five years." That would be growth at about 4.5 per cent a year. Dr. Burns went on: "It is essential for our national security, as well as in the interest of increasing welfare, to realize this potential growth."

This economic advice, which is seconded by the National Planning Association, sounds like good political counsel, too. It is hard to understand why the Republicans don't take the wind out of Democratic sails by talking about the future the way Dr. Burns does. Why does the President, instead, issue a statement that looks only at where we have come from, that seems to give three cheers for a stagnant, sidewise-moving economy?

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U.S. Science: The Troubled Quest

THEODORE H. WHITE

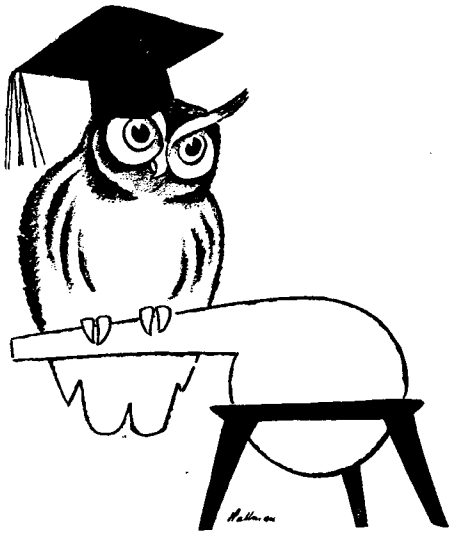
THE INSTRUMENT that sits in a giant yellow cube of glazed brick among the scrub-pine and potato patches of Long Island was built to produce nothing.

Behind its concrete shield, where uranium rods decay in furious radioactivity, nothing happens except the silent streaming of neutrons through dozens of portholes to set the dials and counters of experiment clicking. This is the pile of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, a building larger than a college gymnasium—yet it is no more than a single tool (value: $9 million) in a cluster of tools worth $25 million that the government has placed at the disposal of nine Eastern universities in their search for knowledge.

The five faint lavender spots on a strip of soggy white paper in a dingy cubicle eighty miles away at Columbia's Medical School cost less—nearly $25 million less. To the scientist these electrically charged stains are a clue, a vague road sign on the trail biology struggles to follow in its penetration of the mystery of life. To the visitor, the spots are meaningless. But the government has found them exciting enough to subscribe $15,000—half as much again as Columbia itself has invested—to the unraveling of their ultimate meaning.

The pile at Brookhaven and the laboratory on the eighth floor of the medical school are neither the largest nor the smallest of the estimated twenty thousand grants the American government made available to its scientists in the past year. Yet together they reflect a patronage which, by now, has changed American science from an independent, self-chosen body of scholars to a community that is the ward, if not the helpless dependent, of government.

Last year, the United States government spent some $2.1 billion on scientific inquiry over and above the huge sums spent in engineering and industrial development through the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department. Of this huge sum, only $338 million was farmed out to private universities and foundations—but this sum alone was roughly three times all the funds available to these institutions from their own resources for research and



inquiry. Between forty and forty-five per cent of all the revenue of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology came from the government, exclusive of the huge unannounced sum it received for operating Project LINCOLN, the brain center of continental defense. Other universities—such as Chicago, California, and the California Institute of Technology—were dependent on the government to a similar extent, or slightly more. Even such a university as Harvard, consciously and courageously balancing its duty to the nation against a deep desire to maintain its independence, drew between ten and fifteen per cent of its income from the government.

'Crazy but Wonderful'

To most scientists, remembering the lean days two decades ago, this calculated generosity of the American government has brought paradise. No free government has ever so lavishly or brilliantly supported science in all the range of its intuitions as has ours since the war. The reward of its effort has been a vigor and energy in American science that makes the science of other western democracies pale by comparison. Generosity has paid off in everything from thermonuclear bombs to better crop sprays to nuclear particles of dazzlingly meaningless energy to the first man-contrived synthesis of a natural hormone.

Yet in the past year gloom has descended on this paradise. Finally, most scientists realize that there is a price that must be paid. This is the price exacted by politics, for if the government is the patron of science, its clients may have to bow to the patron's doctrine. "This system of government support," said one scientist, "has been crazy, but it's been wonderful. More than anything else, it's been dependent on the spirit of the thing. Change the spirit and the whole thing can be wrecked."

The original spirit in which America's support of science was conceived in the postwar era was simple. It started with the recognition that in many critical areas science had passed beyond the stage when test tube and bent magnet were its primary tools into an exploration of mysteries whose fantas-

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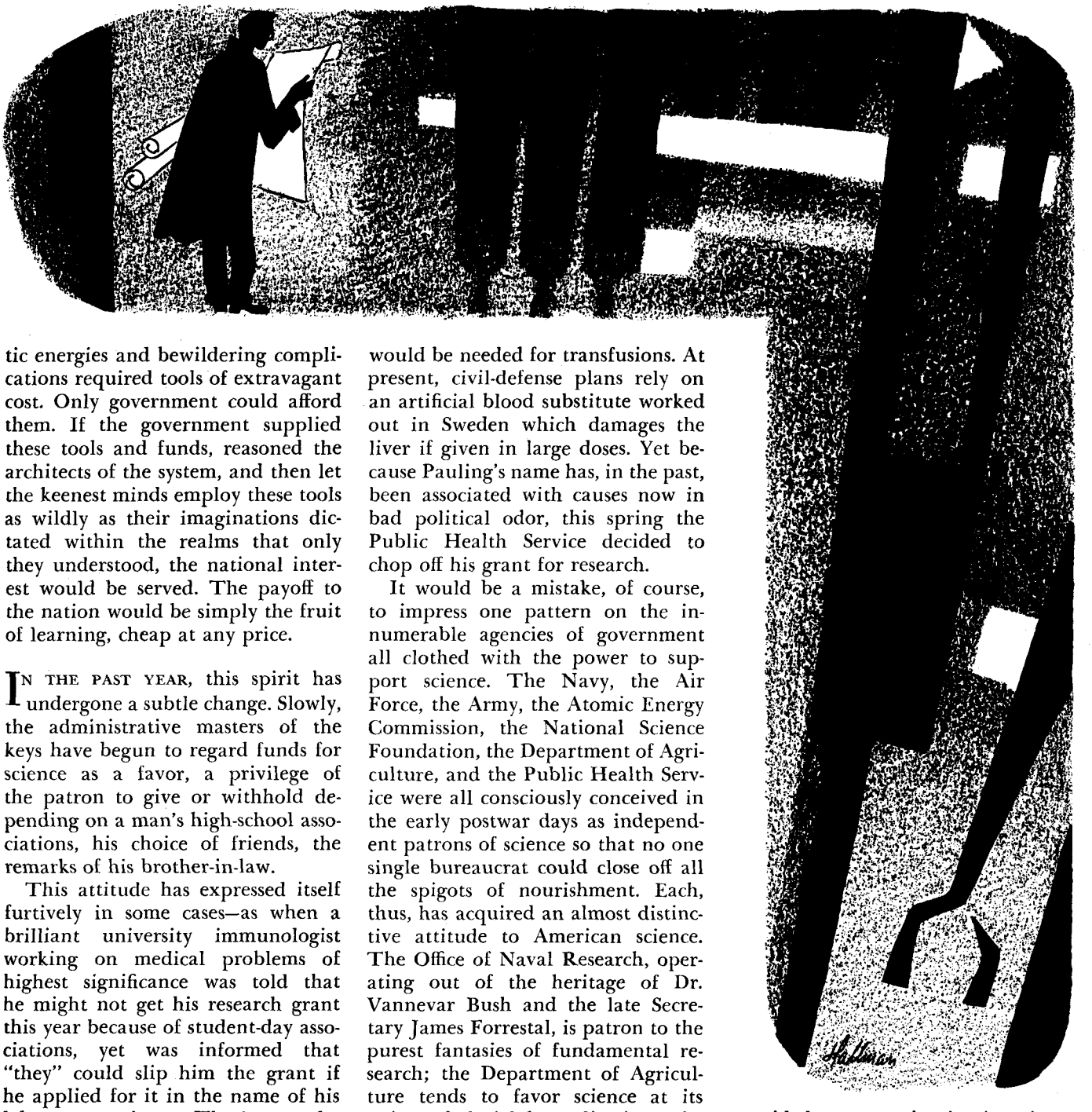

tic energies and bewildering complications required tools of extravagant cost. Only government could afford them. If the government supplied these tools and funds, reasoned the architects of the system, and then let the keenest minds employ these tools as wildly as their imaginations dictated within the realms that only they understood, the national interest would be served. The payoff to the nation would be simply the fruit of learning, cheap at any price.

IN THE PAST YEAR, this spirit has undergone a subtle change. Slowly, the administrative masters of the keys have begun to regard funds for science as a favor, a privilege of the patron to give or withhold depending on a man's high-school associations, his choice of friends, the remarks of his brother-in-law.

This attitude has expressed itself furtively in some cases—as when a brilliant university immunologist working on medical problems of highest significance was told that he might not get his research grant this year because of student-day associations, yet was informed that "they" could slip him the grant if he applied for it in the name of his laboratory assistant. The immunologist refused.

In other cases the attitude seemed spiteful and ridiculous, as in the case of Dr. Linus Pauling, the great though politically unorthodox physical chemist. In the roster of American inquirers, the name of Linus Pauling has stood pre-eminent as one whose investigations may provide a clue for an adequate artificial blood substitute. This work is critical, for in the event of massive bombings, blood banks and plasma cannot possibly supply the carloads that would be needed for transfusions. At present, civil-defense plans rely on an artificial blood substitute worked out in Sweden which damages the liver if given in large doses. Yet because Pauling's name has, in the past, been associated with causes now in bad political odor, this spring the Public Health Service decided to chop off his grant for research.

It would be a mistake, of course, to impress one pattern on the innumerable agencies of government all clothed with the power to support science. The Navy, the Air Force, the Army, the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Science Foundation, the Department of Agriculture, and the Public Health Service were all consciously conceived in the early postwar days as independent patrons of science so that no one single bureaucrat could close off all the spigots of nourishment. Each, thus, has acquired an almost distinctive attitude to American science. The Office of Naval Research, operating out of the heritage of Dr. Vannevar Bush and the late Secretary James Forrestal, is patron to the purest fantasies of fundamental research; the Department of Agriculture tends to favor science at its point of fruitful application; the Atomic Energy Commission is court for scientists who need monstrous high-energy machines; the Public Health Service—paradoxically the most politically craven and administratively niggardly of the patrons—is sponsor to the benign inquiries of biology and the science of life; the National Science Foundation is scout over the entire field, empowered to speculate in research where justification to "practical" men is most difficult.

All in all, and together, they have provided opportunity in American science such as has never existed before, opportunity not only for the rare genius whose persistence and brilliance might have carried him through in the old days, but also for thousands of men of medium talent who twenty years ago would have been relentlessly squeezed out.

The Questers

The recipients of these funds have always, properly, been grateful. They have been grateful, however, not only to the bureaucratic disbursers

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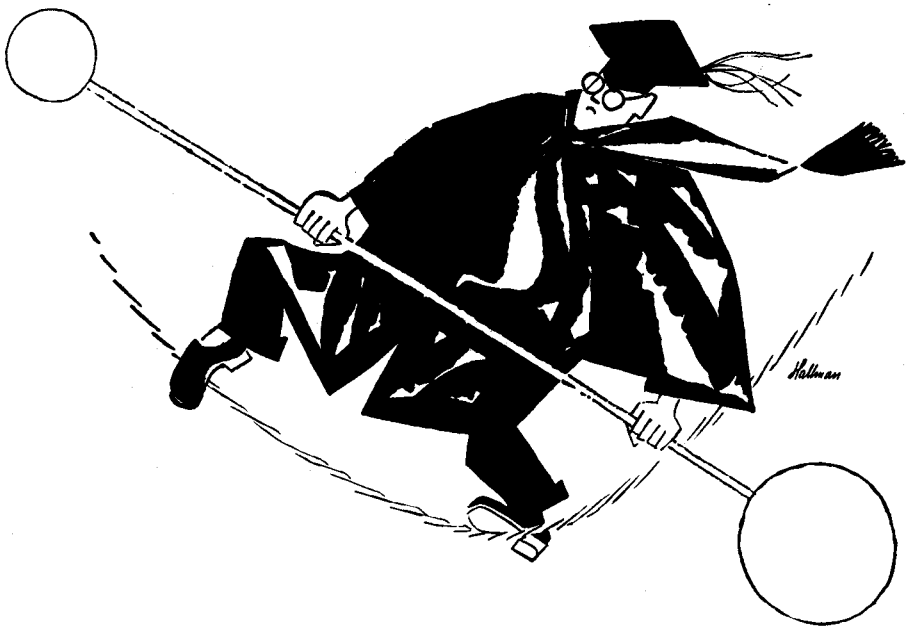
of the funds but to the fathering political process which enabled these departmental Maecenases to befriend them. And this is what worries them now. For, as the political mood changes, their profession, in which the bizarre, the unorthodox,



the new is the essence of creation, becomes subject to policing which holds that any expression of the bizarre, the unorthodox, and the new outside the laboratory may be sufficient to imperil their careers.

The scientists are disturbed. They are disturbed as individuals trying to plot their own future and their relationship to the government, disturbed as men loyal to a nation they consider threatened if science is threatened.

Yet before one can see what bothers them, or judge how their disturbance will express itself, one must see them against the background in which they view themselves. This is a split background. First, there is the background of science itself, the quest for pure knowledge in whose long trail they find themselves at the moment in a jungle of preposterous puzzles. Second, there is the background of America's curious scientific community, so different and so changed from its own past and from any other in the world.

The Quest

In the past fifty years, science has been pre-eminently the arena of physics; and the physicists, men who deal with matter and energy, have performed so gloriously that close to them as we still are, with the titans among them yet alive, we know we have lived in an age of giants.

Where fifty-odd years ago matter was simply matter, energy simply energy, and electricity simply electricity, now all are united. One after the other, the great men have first clarified and then linked the secrets. A Planck measuring the irreducible packets—or quanta—by which energy is transmitted has been followed by an Einstein whose equations coupled matter and energy. A Rutherford penetrating beneath the screen of electrons to describe the vast emptiness of the inner atom has been followed by a Bohr explaining the peculiar orbits of the electrons in each different atomic solar system in terms of measurable quanta. Yet others in the early and middle 1920's divided the central nucleus of the atom into its protons and neutrons, while still others went on to illuminate in precise and elegant equations the measured dance of the electrons about their controlling nucleus.

THE TROUBLE is that today the great bursts of illumination that lighted up the first half of this century fade before the darkness of the problems ahead, and the physicists are stumped. For though they have torn the nucleus apart and terrified the world by dissolving matter into energy, the invisible nucleus becomes a greater and greater mystery the farther into its measurelessly tiny depths they go. At the prying of staggeringly costly high-energy instruments, it comes apart not only into protons and neutrons but into more and more random unexplainedly ordered particles that are both matter and energy, held together by forces of stupendous power that cannot yet be defined in reasonable terms.

'This Vast Mystery'

Physicists pile one tantalizing experiment on another as they probe for further facts. But each new fact—and they come in cascades—must be tacked onto the overloaded frame of older theories for explanation, and the entire world of physics craves a new theory, a great new lucid generalization to explain the strange experimental facts and permit it to move forward fruitfully once more. "To be a physicist," says Julian Schwinger, Harvard's brilliant young theorist, "is to believe that everything has a relationship to every other thing. Yet here we sit with this vast mystery."

Their predicament in the face of their puzzles has been described most aptly by Professor Victor Weisskopf of M.I.T., a philosopher-historian among scientists whose share in defining the wonders has been as great as anyone's.

"At the beginning of this century," says Weisskopf, "we understood nothing. We knew the commonplace physics of great bodies, of astronomy and magnetism. But we did not know anything about our daily life, what things were, what happens when matter is heated and puts out light, why the light becomes red or white or yellow. We did not know the simplest thing about the structure of matter. Today the problems are in our hands. The nature of dead matter is known; we can solve it, we can understand it, we can change it. In the old days investigation was cheap. You investigated normal, everyday life, things you could see and touch. Now we are investigating matters in states of highest energy where it costs a million dollars even to ask the question. Physics is no longer interested in the everyday world . . .

"But we have not solved the problems of life. And that is where the

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trail leads today. In the problems of life, of living matter, we are where we were in physics in 1900. We do not understand the simplest problems of everyday life. What is life itself? What happens in a cell? How do genes shape the form of man? What is the mechanism of heredity? These are the questions for the biologists to answer, this is where they begin today and this is where the excitement is."

Of Life and Death

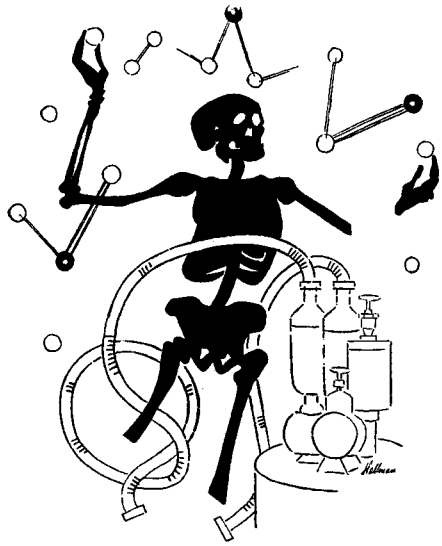
The biologists share with the physicists a sense of bafflement, but not with the same feeling of letdown and weariness that the physicists feel after their golden age. Rather it is with a sense of exhilaration that they sniff greatness approaching. Like the physicists—although not nearly so lavishly endowed—the biologists have felt their experimental power swell with new resources over the past ten years as millions have been given their efforts.

Biology, however, is aided by no such concentric, in-spiraling symmetry as the atom and nucleus that have led the physicists step by inexorable step to contemplation of the baffling particles of matter-energy.

Biologists probe at what gives life its form and condition. With their flasks, slides, tubes, animals, and microscopes they pry at a vast frontier no one can describe in a sentence. Over the long range they are trying to understand now what life is, for we know so little about the process of life and death. They seek the answers, therefore, by starting with the cell, where the physicists with isotopes and radiations have recently delivered strange new tools to aid biology's inquiries. They seek to know how a cell is born, what makes it die, and what functions go on within it. Biologists have broken down the tissues of the cell, analyzed and reanalyzed it. Now they puzzle at how its parts fit into a structure, meshing and functioning in precise pattern to give life or, failing, to result in death.

Why is it that a red blood cell, leaving its nucleus behind in the bone, should emerge as an odd red sac to course through our veins for only 120 days and then perish and be swept away for reasons we cannot guess? Biologists puzzle at the mystery of the giant molecules called proteins, of known shape and structure, which cannot be reproduced by any other means than a living body. They puzzle at the mechanisms of heredity, how it is that one body can reproduce another in its own image, yet must perish itself. Somewhere, vaguely, even in biology the same frightfulness that has resulted from physics may be just around the corner, frightfulness as horrid in its way as the searing bang of hydrogen fusion. But for the moment, before its golden age, biology waits for the new master theories with eager anticipation. "Biology," says Warren Weaver of the Rockefeller Foundation, "is suffering from an indigestion of fact. The generalization of theory is about to come. You can almost smell the breakthrough."

BIOLOGISTS and physicists alike, therefore, find themselves in jungles of their own making, surrounded by a daily increasing wealth of experimental evidence that must remain meaningless until a stroke or series of strokes of intuition makes it clear.



U.S. vs. European Science

This apparent stalemate of ideas and genius is general the world over at the moment, wherever scientists of any tongue puzzle at the riddles. To American scientists the challenge is even more pointed. The charge hitherto flung against Americans is that they have been the experimenters, the pragmatists, the gadgeteers. There is great glory in experiment, but to advance the cause of science it must be married always to theory. Experiment proves theory and provokes new theory; theory explains experiment and provokes new experiment.

RARE GENIUSES of the American past such as Willard Gibbs in physical chemistry and Thomas Hunt Morgan in genetics have provided the great clarifying concepts of theory that permitted scores of other men to explore experimental detail. But generally, in the common concept of science in the American mind, science has been the image of Thomas Alva Edison, the inspired tinkerer. More recently it has been the Manhattan District, which summoned up the artillery of American scientific engineering to storm by assault the scientific crests which the great theorists had defined. Historically, the great abstractions of science have flashed in the minds of the geniuses of Europe. These ideas have been transplanted from Europe to American soil, and American scientists and engineers—acknowledged to be peerless in scientific hardware—have then been able to sharpen them, define them with precision, and finally apply and make them useful. The American attitude toward science and that of Europe, as summed up by Dr. Samuel Goudsmit of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, have been in direct contrast.

"In Europe, when I grew up," says Goudsmit, "the prestige was all for pure science—for the application there was nothing but exaggerated contempt. The scientist was like an artist; the scientist who was professor at a university was something else from the scientist who was merely professor at a technical institute. When in my student days I invented an instrument for measuring oil viscosity that I could sell, my professor warned me, 'Don't breathe a word of this to anyone.' He was afraid I would bring discredit to the university.

"But when I came to America, I was astounded. This was so wonderful, this interplay between pure science and its application. In the University of Michigan, when I came, they built an automobile right into the physics building and

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there they did secret work—it was commercial research on spark plugs, the spectroscopic analysis of spark plugs. The money from this applied research helped take care of department overhead, of fellowships for our Ph.D. students; it even let us invite Fermi to come lecture at our summer school once.

"This interplay made us better men, broader men. That is why the Germans could never build the A-bomb, because the A-bomb could never be built in a university. It had to be built by scientists *and* industry. This is peculiar to American science. Here people are overwhelmed by the application and its gadgets. In America we developed new counters, new big machines, but no big beautiful new generalizations or theory. These came from Europe. Maybe it is necessary to have two kinds of civilization, one to make the ideas, the other to use them. But this is really what I want to see happen in America, a beautiful American mix, sensitive to application, yet interested in pure theory."

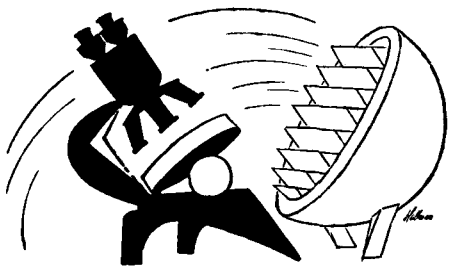
MANY OTHERS have been aware of this lag, and most who comment on it hopefully advance the belief that it is part of a pattern in the story of American culture. They point out that America in its art and scholarship came of age in each discipline at different rates of speed. It derived its jurisprudence from Britain, its medical lore from Germany, its arts from France, its letters from Britain and France, its chemistry from Britain and Germany. Each body of learners threw off European tutelage at different times, and went on to kindle independent American centers of creation. Science was perhaps the last great body of learning to throw off this tutelage. It was late because the sunburst of scientific intuitions, the great insights of physics, happened late in Europe too, while America was only beginning to learn.

What Tyranny Lost

During the past twenty years, science, particularly physics, has all but leaped ahead in this country. This leap in quality and in intellectual vigor stems directly from two intertwined movements.

The first was the flight during the 1930's of so many brilliant scientists from the associated tyrannies of Europe to America. Fermi and Wigner, Teller and Szilard, Bethe and Weisskopf, Von Neumann and others, all seeking freedom, contributed not only to the advanced art of weaponry but more importantly to the combustion of learning. The final sanctum of the bomb builders at Los Alamos reflected their importance. Apart from Oppenheimer, the chief, who was American-born, the six division chiefs were equally divided: three Americans (Parsons, Bacher, Kennedy) and three refugees (Bethe, Kistiakowsky, Fermi).

BUT an equally great contribution to the development was the conscious effort of the young American scientists of the late 1920's and early 1930's. There are few better descriptions of their purpose than that of Nobel Prize winner Professor I. I. Rabi of Columbia, now chairman of the General Advisory Committee of the Atomic Energy Commission, who, discussing his early meeting with another young American scientist (Oppenheimer) in Europe as a student, said: "When we first met in 1929, American physics was not really very much, certainly not consonant with the great size and wealth of this country. We were very much concerned with raising the level of American physics. We were sick and



tired of going to Europe as learners. We wanted to be independent."

Shriveling Roots?

Because the independence of American science was sought so consciously, the American scientific community has been acutely sensitive both to its responsibility in the quest and to the pressures that play on the community from outside.

The elders—and in this trade a man is an old-timer in his early fifties—cannot help but look at the present community through a mist of recollections of their own youth. The American scientific community of the 1930's was a band of dedicated men. Those who chose the calling, almost as a priesthood, did so neither for power nor for money. To survive they had to be good. They traveled from school to school, thinking of themselves, as one said, as "Ph.D. bums," revolving from doctoral fellowships to post-doctoral fellowships at $600 or $800 a year, marrying late, living from hand to mouth.

The 1930's were hungry times for scientists. Before the days of government laboratories, fellowships, and projects, before the birth of the new electronics industry with its rapacious demand for physicists, the scientists had nothing to keep them on the job but the love of science itself and the hope that some aging university professor would retire at the top and leave an opening at the bottom in an instructorship. A group of older scientists sat one evening recently talking about their graduating students. One mentioned that one of his Ph.D.s had gone from the ceremony of degree granting to take up a job with a small New England electronics concern at $10,000 a year. He mused for a bit and said, "When I got my Ph.D. I was very lucky. I taught as an instructor all day at Hunter College for $2,000 a year and in the afternoon Rabi let me come across to the Columbia labs, where I put in another forty hours a week experimenting. I wonder whether these kids would do it today."

IN PONDERING thus on their own past and the hope of science in a changing America, many have deep but ill-defined worries.

Some profess to see the future of American science increasingly vulnerable at its roots where tomorrow's manpower must be nursed today. These roots lie in the high schools of America. To have scientists produced at the end of the university process, the proper material must be fed into the universities at the beginning from the high schools. Before he comes to college, a boy must be inspired with an interest in science, and his mind must be sharp and tough enough so that he can

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take on its problems. Yet the fact is that at the grassroots level American science has seen its strength diminishing almost as rapidly as its crown has been swelling at the graduate-school level.

Before the war, high-school science in America was taught, traditionally, by men who had received a simple bachelor of science degree in a university and went forth to teach adolescents. Today, the number of bachelors of science who want to teach in high school falls sharply each year. Those who get through the four-year course find that industrial or governmental grants to continue deeper into science lead them to horizons far beyond humdrum classrooms. So while government subsidy makes it more possible than ever for the aspirant to go on to serious high-level science, it drains by competition the ever fewer numbers of science graduates willing to go back to high schools and take teaching jobs.

The effect of this trend on teaching quality is further accelerated by an erosion that has set in in many school systems. Schooling in mathematics, the primary tool of the scientist, grows progressively worse. Many high schools no longer offer even one year of plane geometry; many more offer only one year of algebra; some state universities, under political pressure to go easy, now require only one unit in "household arithmetic" for college entrance. The result is that not only state colleges but also such institutions as Harvard and Yale complain that freshmen even of the highest quality frequently have had so little preparatory mathematics that science as a career is closed to them before they can make up their minds.

THIS SHRIVELING at the roots shows up most starkly in the figures of the number of college students who get through to their bachelor degrees in science. Between 1950 and 1951 our universities record a drop of one per cent in the number of all bachelor degrees granted—but the number of science degrees among them dropped by twenty per cent. Between 1951 and 1952 bachelor degrees remained stable. Yet the number of science degrees among them dropped by twenty-five per cent.

Mother-in-Law Problem

Some scientists seem more worried by how the new gush of funds may affect the quality of young men's thinking. No one in science wishes to turn the clock back to the days of penury; the preponderant majority of scientists consider theirs a profession underpaid rather than overpaid. "But a good scientist," says that humorous philosopher among them, Sam Goudsmit, "must be young, unattached, devoted, and conceited. The young fellow in Europe gets married late and spends many nights alone thinking. The good young fellow here gets married early, and when he gets an appointment he already has a wife, two kids, and a mother-in-law. How can you do good science with a mother-in-law around? He wants more to get a job than to solve the structure of the universe or the structure of matter." To which, in Americanese, one young scientist answered, "Yes, marriage sure plays hell with science—but I'd rather be married."

With the natural affection and concern of parents, the older scientists describe the younger men today as youths of astounding technical virtuosity, but socially more gregarious, less appalled by a sense of discomfort at not understanding everything. They lack what Robert Oppenheimer calls "the immense sense of loneliness" which is the prerequisite of truly great scientific achievement.

YET this very loneliness is challenged by the shaping of scientific effort under government sponsorship. Many of its administrators have become convinced, like the ordinary layman, that with enough men and tools thrown at any scientific objective, the secrets may be stormed by mass assault. "For those of us who remember the old prewar days," said one eminent biologist, "it's all a bit unreal, always this concern that the gravy train will stop running, always this tendency to get as much done as possible, get as much equipment in now while it lasts. This leads to programmatic science, when a lot of people should be doing nothing but sitting quietly and thinking."

These and other worries have long been the subject of discussion among scientists in their laboratories and beer parties. Their community has been changing. Even as all strive to the ultimate goal of new conception, they feel the fellow members of the quest—the young, the newcomers—changing in motive, in condition, in ambition.

However, taking the bad with the good, up to now most scientists have agreed that the good in the American system of science has far outweighed the bad.

Data, Tools, Leisure

Their reasoning has been simple. Science, they point out, depends primarily on ideas that happen in the

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minds of certain men whose peace is forever disturbed by the thirst to understand. But this thirst is always there, and genius happens in calculable percentages in human beings in every age and every society. St. Thomas Aquinas's mind probably matched in depth and range the mind of an Einstein or a Rutherford, yet St. Thomas produced a *Summa Theologica,* not a *General Theory of Relativity.* To produce great science, therefore, something extra must be added.

This extra, as scientists see it, is not simply a general social attitude of inquiry, but also the opening to the inquiring mind of the data, the tools, and the leisure, so that the predictable accident of creation will happen almost by itself. Today this makes government support of science indispensable, for the tools with which science now works are so expensive that only government can give access to them. And so up to now, with all their misgivings, the scientists of America have accepted and been proud of the American system of science as the best conceivable in a free society.

BUT THIS YEAR the scientists have faced the ultimate perplexity, for they now realize that entry into or expulsion from their chosen realm of learning depends not only on scientific achievement but on the extraneous judgment of political passion. By its structure and dependence, science has become vulnerable to diseases that afflict men in less majestic callings; it is a profession attended by risk.

Scientists sense themselves overexpanded and overexposed. Some see themselves vulnerable as individuals; others see science menaced in its very quest by the strain and standards imposed from outside. Almost all agree that the security of the nation, in whose name they have undergone the buffeting, will be the first to suffer. For it is the inevitable involvement of science and security, as we shall see, that has brought them to their present condition of both riches and peril.

(This is the first of a series of two articles by Mr. White on the state of U.S. science. The second will appear in our next issue.)

AT HOME & ABROAD

'Safe Days' and 'Baby Days': India Tries Birth Control

JEAN LYON

NEW DELHI

THE SUBJECT of the meeting was family planning. Delhi's barnlike Constitution Club was crowded with students, mothers holding babies on their laps, and intellectuals. A distinguished panel of doctors, educators, and social workers spoke with vigor, sometimes with humor, in favor of birth control of one sort or another for India. In the chair sat Health Minister Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, the only woman in Nehru's Cabinet.

After some two hours, the Health Minister rose. She was tense. She had not, as chairman, expected to speak, she said, but she could keep silent no longer. Gripping the desk with both hands, she told the audience that "harnessing science to ward off nature" was "fraught with tremendous risk for the moral fiber of the nation."

IN HER young womanhood Rajkumari denied herself both marriage and the life of luxury she could have had as the daughter of an Indian prince in order to live and work with Gandhi. She was expressing, with deep emotion, what Gandhi had instilled in many of his followers. The ancients, she said, taught self-control and self-restraint. So did Gandhi. Once he wrote: "The reasoning underlying the use of artificial methods [in birth control] is that indulgence is a necessity of life. Nothing can be more fallacious . . . if artificial methods become the order of the day, nothing but moral degradation can be the result."

The Health Minister said she did not minimize the importance of India's population problem, but "To do away with an evil doesn't mean that we should adopt something that will lead to another evil." Raise the marriage ages and the living standards and teach self-restraint, she admonished, and the population problem would solve itself automatically.

That was in October, 1950. Two years later, India and its loyal Gandhian Health Minister accepted the need for birth control. The first Five-Year Plan provides for research and a commission to set up a family-planning program. The Health Minister herself is responsible for the launching of two pilot field studies which, though limited to the rhythm method, are gathering facts on family planning.

Too Many and Too Soon

The change has been due to irresistible pressures.

In the rural community of Ramanagaran in Mysore State, the site of one of the pilot studies, seventy-six per cent of the 941 couples interviewed—illiterate peasants—indicated a desire to learn a method to limit and plan their families. The officials in Delhi had not expected over twenty-five per cent. To moralists this reaction in Ramanagaran came as a shock.

Rural traditions and religious teachings had been thought so strong that the resistance to any form of birth control was expected to be universal. "May you bear this man ten children and treat him as the eleventh!" is the usual wish offered a bride after the wedding ceremony. Fear of interfering with "God's will" or with "nature's way" had been the villagers' stock answer about almost everything to generations of invading officials.

In talking to the headman of one of the villages, an investigator learned one strong reason for change. "There used to be enough land in our village to divide among our

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sons," this local man of wisdom said, "and we ate two meals a day. Now there is no more land, and we are eating one meal a day. We cannot afford to have large families."

The population problem had taken tangible form for him, and he needed no demographer to explain it.

WHEN the demographers tabulated the figures in Ramanagaran, a district comprising a group of villages with a population of eight thousand, the birth rate was forty-eight per thousand while the death rate was fourteen. These rates will double the population in little more than twenty years if other factors remain static.

Applied to all India, such a population increase is a ponderously depressing fact. Experts are beginning to look upon every new health measure with a sort of despairing fascination. To them it means that the death rate will be scientifically lowered without simultaneous or comparable expenditure of money or energies to lower the birth rate—and the scales just don't balance. It's not that they want people to die. But how are they going to keep alive those who will be born?

The Necessity of Limitation

There are only three known ways of keeping population down. One is the age-old one of war, pestilence, famine, and disease. India is trying its level best to avoid war and famine, and like any civilized nation is fighting pestilence and disease with all available means. Another is emigration. But India's need comes at a time when most doors are closed to its people, either because of racial prejudice or the internal problems of other countries.

That leaves birth control.

The force of these facts has run head-on into the opposing force of India's religious and national faith. It is not only the Gandhiites, many of whom are influential and hold important posts, who are opposed to birth control. Much the same reasons inspire the highly articulate orthodox Hindu group. The Hindu belief in the virtue of self-control is a widespread ideal if not a widespread practice. You cannot laugh it off if you have ever seen a yogi die, as I did recently, in an effort to prove that man could control his breathing and his metabolism to the extent that he could live buried alive for nine days. This yogi lived for only eight, although western medical doctors said he should not have lived for more than one or two.

The Indian government, pressed from both sides, has made its start

in a birth-control program. It has chosen the rhythm method.

Dr. Abraham Stone, an American expert in the field, who was invited to India in 1951 by the Health Ministry and came under the World Health Organization's auspices, thought this might be the most feasible method for the present, even if it proved to be only sixty per cent effective. The cost of widespread use of effective contraceptives in India, he felt, would be prohibitive. The limited facilities for personal hygiene might even make their use dangerous. Also the psychology of the people was such that the rhythm method might be more acceptable. The difficulty was to teach this rather complicated method to illiterate peasant women and prove its efficacy.

Special Problems

The pilot studies have unearthed some unexpected reactions and problems.

The first discovery of the high percentage of people wanting to learn a method of family limitation was promptly followed by another. Twenty-two per cent of the villagers in Ramanagaran did not want to learn a method, but less than two per cent explained their attitude on religious grounds. The usual reason was simply that the couples wanted more children or "more sons" than they had. Village women were questioned as to the ideal number of children in a family. Their answers averaged 4.4. The average number they actually had, however, was seven.

Another interesting fact that has come to light is that periods of abstinence in sexual relations between husband and wife are no new thing to India's peasants. They observe certain phases of the moon and certain religious festivals in this way. Also, many believe that the woman is polluted during her menstrual period, that harm may come to her husband if he cohabits with her then or for a given number of days after her purification bath. This brings the normal period of cohabitation almost precisely into what the rhythm theorists say is woman's fertile period.

It will take considerable doing to change some of these age-old customs, but the advocates of the rhythm method feel that since the basic idea of periodic abstinence is a part of them, the change will not be impossible.

In the Ramanagaran pilot study an initial problem was to find enough women who had a regular menstrual cycle. Some apparently moved directly from one pregnancy to the next, and when their menses did start their cycles were highly irregular. It was thought that this might be related to the long periods of lactation, for many children here are nursed until they are well over three. Much is yet to be known about these matters, and the Indian pilot studies are applying social-science techniques to the gathering of the basic facts.

Telling the Beads

Teaching illiterate women how to keep track of their cycles is another problem that is taking a good deal of study and ingenuity to solve. The original plan was to use a bead necklace, with one bead for each day of the cycle. There was a red bead for the beginning of the menses. Then black beads in the middle indicated the "baby days," and green beads on either side the "safe days." Each day the woman was to move a bead, thus learning where she was in her cycle.

There has been some resistance to

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the beads. It may be due to village feeling about ornaments and jewelry, although these beads can be worn under the blouse so that nothing shows but a bit of black string. In-

dian peasant women are inordinately fond of their heavy bracelets and anklets and neckpieces of silver. In fact, their jewelry is the family savings bank, a testimony of the family's wealth and prestige. It may be that the colored beads looked neither like wealth nor prestige to the women, even though they were of a type worn proudly by women of fashion in Delhi. Some women thought they looked like beads "the animals wear," for cows and horses are frequently bedecked with brightly colored beads. Efforts are still being made to suit the bead method to the people. Alternatively, colored calendar cards are given to some of the women.

There was also the knotty question of how soon to introduce the beads or the calendar. It was impossible to get accurate histories dating back eight to twelve months. Women remembered their onset days by local and personal associations—"the day Krishna Ram's cow died" or "the night after the full moon." Yet to hold the interest of these women, tangible advice had to be given them as soon as possible. The experts figured out a new mathematical formula whereby some sort of schedule for "safe" and "baby" days—giving a wide margin at either end of the "baby"-day period—could be applied at the end of the second month and then revised each month thereafter until the cycle. was accurately determined.

With India's family system as strong as it is, it was expected that parents would have a considerable and somewhat conservative influence over the sex life of young couples. This would not seem to be the case. One woman, sitting in on an interview, encouraged her daughter-in-law to join in the experiment. "This is a good thing our government is doing for you," she said. "Look at me. I bore twelve children. Six lived. This will make you and your children stronger. It is a good thing."

Birth control is certainly known and practiced in India's cities, but hardly at all in the rural areas. In his study of Bengali women, Dr. C. Chandrasekaran, one of India's leading demographers, found that in the upper middle-class urban group the proportion of couples using some form of family limitation was thirty-eight per cent. In the lower middle-class urban group it was thirteen per cent. But among the rural women it was negligible—only three-tenths of one per cent.

Private Aid and Foreign Caution

In the cities, newspaper advertisements and information on doctors' nameplates offering help in family planning are frequent. Some of this is a cover for abortion, which is illegal but not very closely controlled. Some of it represents medically sound advice, whether it has been set up by the sellers of contraceptive devices or by such reputable organizations as the All-India Women's Congress. There are private organizations engaged in local and state-wide campaigns in favor of positive birth control.

Some private doctors even go so far as to advise sterilization. An Indian woman doctor told me that she believed in performing the operation on a woman at the time of her third delivery, and had been doing it—with the consent of both partners, of course. But only a few days after I had talked with her, I was visiting in a rural area when a young schoolteacher walking with me stopped to talk to a villager and then suddenly darted off from me toward her own home. When I asked someone why, I was told, "She went to see if her children are all right. We were just told that one of the children in the village died this morning. That's the third child in the same family in four weeks." Sterilization after four children, when death suddenly can take three of the four? It is not likely that my friend the schoolteacher will be inclined to advocate it for others or adopt it herself.

The government is moving far more slowly than the private organizations and individuals. Perhaps its hope that the rhythm method will prove the answer for India is vain. Some in the government already think other methods should be introduced through its health services, in spite of costs.

HELP from other nations is aimed at preventing death rather than controlling birth. The United States government, which donates supplies and technical assistance to malaria control and health services in the community development projects, gives nothing to the solution of the problem of population increase. Some Indians have suggested that even if divided opinion in the United States makes such donations impossible, research on the subject within the United States would help India immeasurably. The World Health Organization, which is working with India in any number of health fields, is severely limited by its own policies

in giving help to family planning programs.

In spite of all this, these first-rate studies show signs of what may become a real demand for help on the part of India's peasants. Like the Ramanagaran village headman, the Indian peasant doesn't need to wait for the statistics to be tabulated to know what is needed.

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Cuba Under Batista: More Apathy Than Disaffection

ODEN MEEKER

ANY MONTH NOW, the last legally elected President of Cuba, Carlos Prío Socarrás, will go on trial in Manhattan for conspiring to ship arms for a revolution to his native country. Meanwhile, Fulgencio Batista, the Cuban Army's strong man, is sitting pretty two and a half years after the coup by which he threw out Prío. Indeed, Batista is so confident of his strength that last month he resigned as "Provisional President" and appointed a member of his Cabinet to serve until after the Presidential election on November 2. In this way Batista complied with the letter of a Constitutional provision that makes a Cuban President ineligible to succeed himself. Nobody is offering to bet against him.

If the U.S. District Attorney throws the book at Prío, as seems possible considering the sizable caches of rebel Cuban hand grenades, bazooka shells, M-1 Garand rifles, mortars, and antitank guns discovered by police in Mamaroneck, New York, in late 1952 and in upper Manhattan early last year, then the United States will face considerable embarrassment in this hemisphere. Even if it is proved that Prío has violated his asylum, his prosecution will be interpreted in many circles throughout the Americas as U.S. support of the dictator Batista. The State Department is in truth friendly to the Batista régime, which it considers stable and relatively easy to do business with. But the United States can hardly afford to give its blessing to the way Batista came to power.

Cuba's Benevolent Despot

The man who voluntarily resigned as "Provisional President" of Cuba is not easily classifiable. The chief charge that can be leveled against him is that he uprooted the tender green shoot of constitutional government and honest elections in Cuba that had been growing up since 1944 under Presidents Grau San Martín and Prío. Yet it was Batista who planted it in the first place when he permitted Dr. Grau to win a free election after more than ten years of dictating the affairs of Cuba himself. Batista is not a racist or an island monopolist, like the Dominican Republic's Trujillo, nor a butcher like the late Gómez of Venezuela, nor a megalomaniac nationalist like Perón. But he indisputably runs a one-man show, and preparations have already been made to see that it will continue after the formality of Presidential elections next November.

Fulgencio Batista was born in 1901 into a poor farming family at Banes on the wet, greenly luxuriant northeastern coast of the island. He left his Quaker school when he was twelve, and for the next eight years worked as an apprentice tailor, barber, barkeeper, banana picker, farm laborer, and railroad hand. Then he joined the Army, becoming a sergeant-stenographer, handling confidential papers, and working with the high brass.

A revolution forced the flight of dictatorial President Gerardo Machado on August 12, 1933. In the confusion Sergeant Batista rose to the top. Taking advantage of the fluid situation, on September 5 he walked into Camp Columbia, the Army headquarters outside Havana, drew a pistol, and took over. He installed Professor Grau of the University of Havana as President to replace Carlos de Céspedes, and tried out four more men for the job before he finally gave up and took it himself in 1940. In a recent rosewater biography called *A Sergeant Named Batista,* by Edmund A. Chester, the author explains that Cuba at that time "needed a Messiah—or a man on horseback," and adds that Batista takes his inspiration from Lincoln and the Bible.

In 1944 Batista astonished the island by permitting free elections. Even more surprisingly, his supporting parties, including the Communist, were trounced by Dr. Grau and his Partido Auténtico. Batista retired without protest to Florida. Grau was succeeded in 1948 by Prío, another Auténtico, in another free election. Batista returned in 1948, when elected Senator, and launched his second coup at 2:43 A.M. on March 10, 1952. It was a twenty-seven man conspiracy, whose code referred to captures as "ceremonies," and to key individuals as "archbishops," "bishops," and "priests." One "archbishop," Chief of Staff Ruperto Cabrera, was taken in bed at Camp Columbia, and numbers of "bishops" and "priests" there enthusiastically joined the revolution when Batista made an inspiring speech to them, doubling their pay.

Civil Liberty by Decree

The quarter of a million Americans who will visit Cuba this year will not think that they are in a police state. But old hands among the visitors might notice that the Habañeros riding the darting local busses called *guaguas,* who used to discuss politics and their most intimate affairs at the top of their lungs, now avoid controversy; and that the Havana press, which was among the liveliest, noisiest, and freest anywhere, now is notably tactful.

In practice, the Government doesn't mind a bit of mild criticism in the papers, for it shows the press is free, but the lately rescinded Law of Public Order 997 made such things punishable as "false rumors," "defamation," "contempt," and "calumny." For the first year and a half of the present régime the press

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was under strict censorship, lifted only last October on "Newspaperman's Day," when Batista simultaneously restored such civil liberties as habeas corpus and the right to strike.

There are other ways than force to ensure a good press. In spite of the present Government's reputation among many foreigners of being comparatively honest, the old custom of handing out bribes is scrupulously observed, and reporters on modest salaries covering the Presidential Palace drive Cadillacs. Radio station CMQ, according to one diplomatic observer, gets an annual government retainer of $72,000, and the official advertising enjoyed by newspapers and radio stations runs into millions.

The most usual charge against the Grau and Prío régimes is that under them grafting reached proportions considered unfair even by the tolerant island's ground rules. One widely credited story has a Grau Minister named José Manuel Alemán lugging more than twenty millions out of the Treasury in suitcases on October 10, 1948, and taking off for Miami in a chartered DC-3. Members of the Prío Government are supposed to have kept for themselves and put back into circulation several millions of old peso notes which the Treasury was supposed to destroy. Prío's estate, La Chata, was worth an estimated three millions, though his salary was only twenty-five thousand. It was equipped with a stable, a zoo, an air-conditioned barbershop, and a swimming pool with a waterfall.

But Batista fails to provide an example of civic virtue. He was said to be worth about fifty millions after one term in office when he went into exile in Florida. Later, when he divorced his first wife, he made her a settlement that is said to have surpassed Bobo Rockefeller's in its munificence. Following a political gentlemen's agreement, neither Batista nor Prío has touched the other's personal property when his opponent was in exile.

The Divided Opposition

In Miami, the traditional Cuban sanctuary sixty-five minutes by air from Havana, live many of Prío's two hundred-odd fellow exiles, some of whom own sizable holdings in hotels and Dade County real estate. Here, in a large, closely guarded villa, Prío runs the refugee wing of the Auténtico Party with the help of Carlos Hevia, an intelligent lawyer who was to be the Auténticos' Presidential candidate in the 1952 elections. Prío

himself, who looks like a handsome hawk with his silver hair and brown matinee idol's mustache, is now pretty generally discredited at home, where he is seen, to put it kindly, as an ineffectual playboy. The Auténticos who have remained in Cuba, under the leadership of former President Grau, have a program that calls for Prío to finish out only his remaining two months and three weeks of office, for a restitution of the Constitution suspended by Batista, and then for a free general election.

The formerly powerful Ortodoxo Party is now splintered into three factions, all of which plan to boycott the election. A great many working and professional people are partial to one or another Ortodoxo faction, in part because of their sympathy for the late Senator Eduardo Chibas, who fired their imaginations when he left the Auténticos to found the Ortodoxos in protest against corruption. In 1951 Chibas shot and killed himself before the microphone of a Havana radio station as the climax to an impassioned plea for honesty in government. He had overrun his time and was already off the air, but his gesture was effective.

"Prío is a regular machine politician," Hevia confided to me with surprising frankness as we drove away from the Miami Beach villa after an unproductive interview with Prío. He continued slowly, "Prío has his human frailties. But Batista didn't go in there and kick out a President. He kicked out a Constitution."

Hevia presents the anti-Batista case as clearly as you can hear it in Havana or Miami or New York: "Under Batista, you live in Cuba by favor, not by right. That in itself is humiliating and dangerous. Except for six years under Machado and Batista, we have had a free press in Cuba since 1902. This is the first time in Cuban history a constitutionally elected President has been overthrown. Batista suspended the Constitution. He dismissed the Congress with full pay. He began by imposing forty-six new taxes without Congress, and changed the law of the National Bank of Cuba eight times. Before Batista, Cuba was slowly but surely being stabilized. There were lots of mistakes, but we were on the right road. The candidates accepted the results of the elections. There were new industries. If you invested, you knew where you stood. We had a government based on law."

The Cuban Card Trick

Like Hevia, many Cubans have what a New York *Times* editorial called "a deep national shame that their limping march along the path of constitutional democracy was broken." Most observers on the scene think that Batista would almost certainly lose an honest election, if only because of the protest vote. But his Opposition is weak. The Auténticos, as the main Opposition party, could muster perhaps a quarter of a million followers, contrasted with the 1,600,000 registrants claimed by the pro-Batista parties after a rigged registration of voters by party affiliation last February. Identity cards called *cedulas* must

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be produced by each voter to qualify, and the rigging was done by making each government employee deliver a quota of friends' and relatives' *cedulas* in order to keep his job. The names of the owners of the identity cards were registered with one or another of the parties in the Batista coalition: Acción Progresista, Union Radical, Liberal, and Democrático. The purpose of the crooked registration was to lend an air of legitimacy to the November 2 election, which will be a landslide for Batista. The *cedula* racket has been used by other régimes, including those of the Auténticos, but never more enthusiastically or with more pressure.

Except for university students, who are traditionally rebellious and pro-reform, and the Army, which has so far remained loyal, there is no division of opinion for or against Batista along lines of class or occupation. Perhaps the rank and file of the strongest labor federation, the Confederación de Trabajadores Cubanos, still remember Chibas. But its highly centralized leadership has been playing a cat-and-mouse game with the Government, making a few criticisms for the record and supporting Batista in return for regulations by which employers collect union dues and do the necessary bookkeeping, with the Government contributing to union pension funds and other worthy causes.

We're All Anti-Red Now

There are still a few Communists around in the unions, as there are in some spots in the Government, but the Partido Socialista Popular, the local Communist Party which supported Batista in the 1940's, is now outlawed, and both the Prío and Batista forces have been piously denouncing international Communism—with an eye cocked at the U.S. State Department. In his speech celebrating the second anniversary of his coup, Batista charged that the Prío Administration had protected Communists but that he had deported most of them; he mentioned one "common deportee from Cuba," Rafael Miranda, one of the Puerto Rican nationalists who shot up the U.S. House of Representatives.

For the record, Batista's Government has provoked the U.S.S.R. into severing diplomatic relations, suppressed Communist publications, and driven the regional center of Communist propaganda activity to Mexico City. Finally, a decree of June 3 prohibits Communists or fellow travelers from holding office.

Such measures support Batista's boast that he has "exterminated Communism," but it seems more likely that the estimated forty thousand members of the former Partido Socialista Popular are just lying low. In any case, there don't seem to be any Cuban Communist refugees.

Derring-do and Derring-don't

Former President Prío has pleaded not guilty in the U.S District Court and indignantly denied any connection with the well-financed Cuban arms conspiracy. But the Minister of State and Education under Prío, Aureliano Sánchez Arango, now in exile in Panama, has been back to the island several times incognito preparing for an anti-Batista revolution. Sánchez, who travels with a Mauser and his pockets stuffed with hand grenades, is a man of great tenacity and personal courage; Cubans say that once during the Machado dictatorship, he filched a list of pro-Machado informers in the University from Machado's Minister of State by creeping like a human

fly along the window ledge to the latter's New York hotel room.

Sánchez now claims to have four or five thousand Cuban students, professional men, and workers organized in revolutionary cells throughout the island. At least three shipments of arms and ammunition, according to the office of the U.S. District Attorney, had already been sent to Cuba by the time the police raided the disused store that was the Manhattan transshipment point. It is impossible to patrol all the keys of Florida and Cuba, and one New York armaments salesman with international connections has assured me that enough small arms have now been run to the island to make an anti-Batista uprising possible whenever its leaders judge the people are ready.

The question is, are they ready? No one I have talked to in or out of Cuba thinks the present grumbling means the island would rise up against the Government. No one thinks that another coup would be possible now, though it is well to remember that everyone was taken by surprise last time.

Bitter Sugar

"Economic factors are not only important in Cuban politics, they might be decisive," said one diplomatic observer in Havana. At the moment, the island is in trouble, with unemployment between fifteen and twenty per cent following a slump in the dominant sugar crop. Cuba is in the American economic orbit, and the United States supplies about seventy-seven per cent of the island's imports—at U.S. prices, though the average Cuban's income is only a fifth of the average American's. The United States takes some forty per cent of its sugar from Cuba, which means that we account for better than half of all Cuban exports. The Cuban sugar industry, which is the world's largest, still employs about half a million people, ten times as many as the declining tobacco industry. The Cuban sugar quota, fixed by Washington directly, affects everyone on the island. Thus the perennial debates in the U.S. Congress on a reduction of the quota provide first-rate anti-American political capital.

If times get much harder, resentment against the Government may become sharp. But there is still more apathy than disaffection. Barring economic disaster and the emergence of a more inspiring political Opposition, I am inclined to agree with an exiled Cuban who told me, "Batista will be there until he chooses to step down or until he is shot."

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The 83rd Congress—Government by Coalition

AMERICANS, watching the contortions of French Premier Pierre Mendès-France, often feel baffled by the French political system. In Paris the Premier governs by coalition. The make-up of that coalition changes from issue to issue. Why should this process seem strange to us? We have a government by coalition too.

In the Eighty-third Congress, President Eisenhower's program has been supported not by the Republican Party but by a bipartisan coalition. This fall both parties will claim credit for having put together the Eisenhower program. They will both be right and they will both be wrong.

As in the French Assembly, an *ad hoc* grouping has to be created to win on each issue. The charts on the opposite page show how Senate coalitions overrode the Administration on foreign aid but stopped the George substitute for the Bricker amendment by a single vote. They show how a House coalition threw out the Eisenhower public housing proposal, while another House coalition upheld the Eisenhower farm program.

The shifting composition of these bipartisan blocs is illustrated further by the chart below, in which Senators are grouped according to how they voted on two key foreign-policy issues: the $500-million cut in foreign aid and the George substitute for the Bricker amendment to curtail the President's power to make treaties and Executive agreements.

WHAT KIND of Congress was the Eighty-third? It was a body in which a coalition majority could be put together for doing these things:

¶Confirming the New Deal of 1933-36, but not going much beyond it.

¶Reducing taxes.

¶Providing funds for national defense, but less than before.

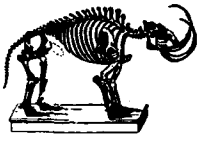
¶Continuing the 1950 version of U.S. foreign policy.

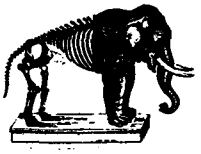
¶Allowing its own committees to infringe on the power of the Executive.

The Eighty-third was the "Here we are and here we stay" Congress.

HOW SENATORS VOTED ON FOREIGN POLICY

REPUBLICANS





ANTI-IKE

NORTHEAST

BUTLER (Md.)
WILLIAMS (Del.)

MIDWEST

BRICKER (Ohio)
CAPEHART (Ind.)
CASE (S. Dak.)
JENNER (Ind.)
LANGER (N. Dak.)
McCARTHY (Wis.)
MUNDT (S. Dak.)
POTTER (Mich.)
SCHOEPPEL (Kan.)*
YOUNG (N. Dak.)

WEST

BARRETT (Wyo.)
BENNETT (Utah)
CRIPPA (Wyo.)**
DWORSHAK (Idaho)
GOLDWATER (Ariz.)
MALONE (Nev.)
WATKINS (Utah)
WELKER (Idaho)

SOUTH

MUGWUMP

NORTHEAST

HENDRICKSON (N.J.)
MARTIN (Pa.)
PAYNE (Maine)
SMITH (Maine)

MIDWEST

CARLSON (Kan.)
DIRKSEN (Ill.)
HICKENLOOPER (Ia.)

WEST

CORDON (Ore.)
KNOWLAND (Calif.)
KUCHEL (Calif.)
MILLIKIN (Colo.)

SOUTH

PRO-IKE

NORTHEAST

AIKEN (Vt.)
BEALL (Md.)†
BRIDGES (N. H.)†
BUSH (Conn.)
DUFF (Pa.)*
FLANDERS (Vt.)
IVES (N. Y.)
PURTELL (Conn.)
SALTONSTALL (Mass.)
SMITH (N. J.)
UPTON (N. H.)

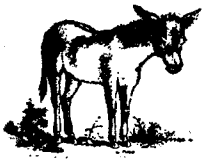
MIDWEST

BOWRING (Neb.)***
FERGUSON (Mich.)
THYE (Minn.)
WILEY (Wis.)

SOUTH

COOPER (Ky.)

DEMOCRATS



ANTI-IKE

NORTHEAST

FREAR (Del.)

MIDWEST

GILLETTE (Iowa)*

WEST

ANDERSON (N. Mex.)
CHAVEZ (N. Mex.)
JOHNSON (Colo.)
KERR (Okla.)
McCARRAN (Nev.)

SOUTH

BYRD (Va.)
CLEMENTS (Ky.)
DANIEL (Texas)
EASTLAND (La.)*
ELLENDER (La.)
ERVIN (N. C.)****
GORE (Tenn.)
HOLLAND (Fla.)
JOHNSON (Tex.)
JOHNSTON (S. C.)
LENNON (N. C.)
LONG (La.)
MAYBANK (S. C.)
McCLELLAN (Ark.)
RUSSELL (Ga.)
SMATHERS (Fla.)
STENNIS (Miss.)

MUGWUMP

NORTHEAST

KENNEDY (Mass.)

MIDWEST

BURKE (Ohio)

WEST

JACKSON (Wash.)
MAGNUSON (Wash.)
MANSFIELD (Mont.)
MONRONEY (Okla.)
MURRAY (Mont.)

SOUTH

GEORGE (Ga.)
ROBERTSON (Va.)
SPARKMAN (Ala.)

PRO-IKE

NORTHEAST

GREEN (R. I.)
LEHMAN (N. Y.)
PASTORE (R. I.)

MIDWEST

DOUGLAS (Ill.)
HENNINGS (Mo.)
HUMPHREY (Minn.)
SYMINGTON (Mo.)†

WEST

HAYDEN (Ariz.)
MORSE (Ore.) (Ind.)

SOUTH

FULBRIGHT (Ala.)
HILL (Ala.)
KEFAUVER (Tenn.)*
KILGORE (W. Va.)*
NEELY (W. Va.)*

*Voted on the George substitute for Bricker amendment; did not vote on foreign aid cut.
**Replaced Hunt; voted on foreign aid cut but not on Bricker amendment.
***Replaced Griswold; voted on foreign aid cut but not on Bricker amendment.
****Replaced Hoey; voted on foreign aid cut but not on Bricker amendment.
†Voted on foreign aid cut but did not vote on Bricker amendment.
Reynolds (replaced Butler of Nebraska) is the 96th Senator. No vote on either issue.

Tabulations are based on two key issues: the George substitute for the Bricker amendment and the $500-million foreign-aid cut. Those who voted with the Administration on both issues are listed as "Pro-Ike," those against on both issues as "Anti-Ike." Those who voted with the Administration once and against once are called "Mugwumps."

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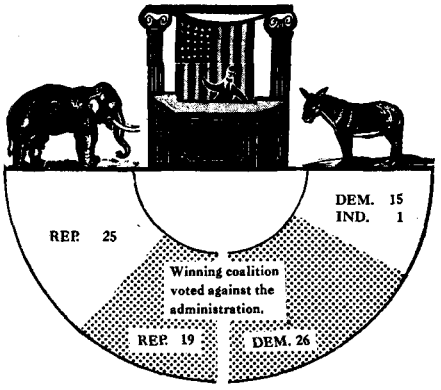
FOREIGN AID



The issue in the Senate was a cut in funds of $500,000,000 from the foreign-aid bill, a step strongly disapproved by the Administration.

THE REALLY big events of the last two years didn't come up for a Congressional vote at all. The Korean truce didn't need to be ratified by the Senate. The defeat in Indo-China set off a lot of talk, but no Congressman introduced any legislation on the subject. The Eighty-third Congress watched Senator McCarthy's challenge, with considerable Republican support, to the Constitutional separation of powers and the internal discipline of the Executive Branch. There may eventually be a vote—next winter or next year—on the McCarthy censure resolution, and on some fairer rules for Congressional investigations, but the Constitutional issue raised is above and beyond mere legislation.

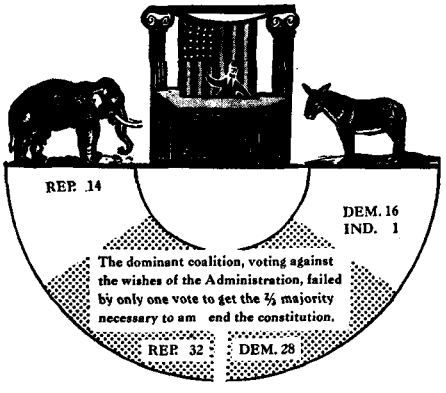
It is easy to chalk up the wins and losses. The President "won" on social security and the St. Lawrence Seaway—proposals that he inherited from Harry Truman but for which, unlike Truman, he was able to mobilize a large bloc of Republican votes. The President "lost" on statehood for Hawaii, on revising Taft-Hartley, on voting for 18-year-olds, and on medical reinsurance. He got most of what he wanted on public housing, foreign aid, the atomic-energy bill, and the big revision of the internal revenue code. On flexible farm-price supports, he performed a political miracle in neutralizing the farm bloc in both houses of Congress. He barely escaped disaster with the Bricker amendment. And on the anti-Communist program, he sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

But to measure what the President asked for against what he got is to miss the point. Because of the kind of Congress he faced—and because his own policies were generally a continuation of what had gone before—the President's sights were low when he started and even lower when he got through. For example:

There was no fight at all on foreign trade policy. The President decided he would be lucky not to lose ground to the tariff bloc; ergo, the less tariffs were debated, the better. Crumbs were thereupon exchanged: The high-tariff bloc got increases on fish sticks and rubber-soled shoes, and the President got a watered-down bill to study again, for the umpteenth year, the question of simplifying customs procedures.

The sights were low on public housing too. There was no Great Debate about a bold new program, merely a scrap over whether to allow a vestigial 35,000-unit public housing program to continue at all. The President lost in the House and then was criticized by the Senate for requesting so little. In the end he got what little he asked for.

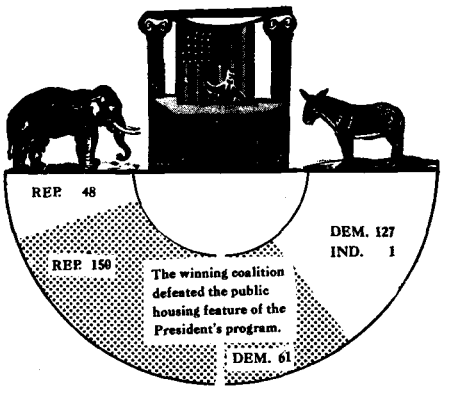
BRICKER AMENDMENT


REP. 14
DEM. 16
IND. 1
The dominant coalition, voting against the wishes of the Administration, failed by only one vote to get the ⅔ majority necessary to am end the constitution.
REP. 32
DEM. 28

The issue in the Senate was the "George substitute" for the Bricker amendment to limit the President's treaty-making power.

THERE WERE two big partisan issues where the Democrats lined up on one side and the Republicans lined up on the other side. During the atomic-energy debate, the Senate Democrats, voting as a bloc, carried their point that public customers such as co-ops and cities would have first crack at power produced by the Atomic Energy Commission, just as they have always had on power produced at Federal dams. The same solid Democratic bloc

PUBLIC HOUSING



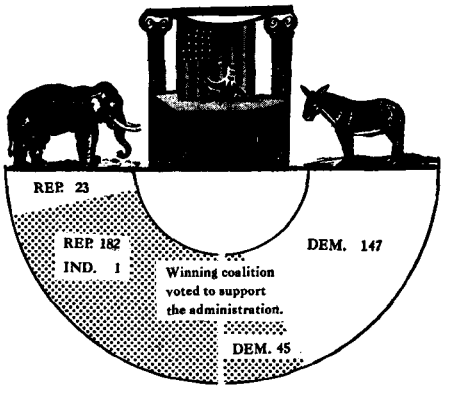
The President asked for the construction of 35,000 housing units a year for the next four years. The House of Representatives defeated this proposal.

earlier had defeated Senator Knowland's effort to impose cloture on the liberal Democrats who were filibustering the atomic-energy bill on this and other issues.

The other partisan issue was on the issue of outlawing the Communist Party, when the Democrats decided that as election strategy they had better look more anti-Communist than the Republicans even if that made it harder for the Federal police to deal with real Communist subversion.

With these two major exceptions, the Eighty-third was another example of government by coalition. So were the four other Congresses since the Second World War. In the Eighty-fourth Congress, too, look for the coalitions. They are not so obvious as the party labels, but they're a lot more important in passing (or defeating) the laws of the land.

FARM PRICE SUPPORTS



The issue in the House was the Administration's compromise program of flexible price supports on five crops.

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There's Nothing New About McCarthyism

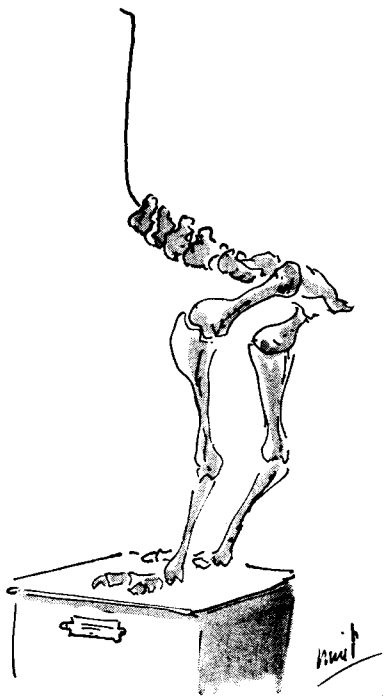
ERIC GOLDMAN

IT IS TIME somebody recorded, for an already overburdened posterity, the greatest disservice of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. It is not the baleful political power he has wielded, not the poison he has spread into every field of the national life, not the stain he has brought to the American reputation around the globe. It is the way this man's spectacular marauding has diverted attention from where we really are and where we are going.

For the central fact about McCarthy is his relative insignificance. The issue is not one adventurer but a widespread state of mind, which by historical accident has come to be called McCarthyism. McCarthyism was with us before the Senator from Wisconsin suddenly discovered Communism in 1950; it is with us now that his inanities and his brutalities are cutting him down to size. Even at the height of McCarthy's personal power in early 1954, the devotees of the ism included large numbers of the genteel who fidgeted away from too close identification with a brawling Irishman, and more millions, not particularly concerned about the Senator, who wondered for their own reasons whether America was going to the dogs.

This larger, more significant McCarthyism is anti-Communism, but it is a lot of other things as well. Many a suburbanite attacks John Dewey in the same breath with his denunciation of Alger Hiss. Ladies' committees that stalk the bookstores for pro-Communist writings also want to burn *From Here to Eternity;* textbook boards, determined to protect the schools from Communism, frequently shield the young from any praise of the New Deal along the way; and G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall, at first an ardent supporter of McCarthy, then decidedly sniffish, continues to delight audiences with assaults on the whole world trend of the last fifty years.

The McCarthyism that talks in these terms is the heart of the situation. There *has* been a long-time world swing affecting every variety of human activity, and the swing *has* provoked a mounting American resistance. The Senator from Wisconsin is merely a temporary focal point of American attitudes that have been growing over decades, with innumerable tangled branches.



'Right Thinking'

The attitudes reach back at least to the years soon after the Civil War, when the middle classes became so important in American life. Things were clear, quite clear to the lawyers and the manufacturers and the apothecaries who were taking leadership in those days. There was the riffraff and then there were the natural custodians of the Republic, the white Protestant "Anglo-Saxons," whose homes were a decent distance from the railroad tracks, whose emotions belonged to the progress of mushrooming cities and glistening new emporiums, whose minds were guided by right thinking.

Any sound man knew the difference between right and wrong thinking. The matter hardly required discussion; these things had the assumed finality of a credo. Right thinking was the democracy of political rights, not of social leveling—the assumption that people would move up the ladder of status only slowly and with due respect for those above them; economic attitudes that barred laws designed to redistribute wealth; and a moral code that brought together ageless virtues and the defense of status, linking them in a general stern demand for stability.

As for the world outside the United States, the middle-class American was no less sure of the proper path. It was a messy situation, these billions of rundown Europeans and gibbering Asians and heaven-knows-what; certainly the United States would be ridiculous to let itself be drawn into such a morass. Besides, in time, in good time, the most wretched peoples anywhere would find a path to the comforts and the ideas of the better neighborhoods of the United States.

That there was a basic law of human history these Americans never doubted. Men are born to vote for their leaders, to run their own economic lives, to keep improving their lot, to do it all with a decent regard for the amenities. Over the millenniums, human beings had dreamed and sweated to little avail until an intrepid band struck out across the ocean. Years of hardship in the wilderness, of scrabbling and war and civil war, of misguided lower-class frenzies, and finally the model had been struck. The American middle classes of the post-Civil War years looked in their shining gilt-edged mirrors and saw the model. Confidently they waited for everyone in the United States, for all the world, to see it too.

Belligerent Questioning

The world hardly proved co-operative. The manufacturers and the lawyers and the apothecaries were barely settling into their new power when strange, raw forces burst up from the bottom of their own society. The revolt of the 1880's and

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1890's was on, bitter and turbulent. Farmers and factory hands, "Anglo-Saxons" and the newest of immigrants, joined in an angry refusal to wait for a vague historical law to lift gradually their incomes and their standing. From a thousand platforms, in a torrent of books, reformers assailed any political thinking, moral code, economics, anthropology, or religious interpretation that failed to support the rebellion.

Encouragement of revolt by intellectuals—here was an especially disconcerting note. In the years immediately after the Civil War, the men whose occupation was words and ideas had tended to move along within the confines of the middle-class credo. But deeply ingrained in their tradition was a Jeffersonianism that had never lost its suspicion of middle-class urban life. This suspicion was encouraged by increasingly powerful European influences, with their advocacy of social legislation, their mocking impieties, their constant intimation that the outer world was not particularly impressed with the new American ruling group. Year after year, more American intellectuals joined the belligerent questioning.

A chill of fear ran down the spine of the American middle classes. By the 1890's, a taboo word, "socialism," was rapidly making its way into the vocabulary. Sometimes it referred to the small, genuinely socialist parties in the United States; more often it was used with a telltale abandon. Socialism was anything associated with the churning created by the revolt from the bottom. It was Stephen Crane writing sympathetically about fallen women, politicians seeking the support of labor unions, immigrants who made their way to uptown homes, professors returning from Europe to wonder aloud about the beneficence of free enterprise. "The issue of the age," the Philadelphia *Record* said with precise vagueness, "is socialism."

McCarthyism's First Wave

To meet the issue, large sections of the middle classes accepted, or acquiesced in, a leadership that called for forcing everything back into the old congenial pattern. They were joined by thousands above and below, who went along with the beguiling attitudes of the middle group. The furor was concentrated on the major issue, the upward social surge, but the tide against change swept into all parts of American life. Professors were fired for smoking the newfangled cigarettes on campus; ministers were unfrocked for modernizing the language of the Bible.

The apprehensive, with the customary habits of frightened men, showed themselves quite capable both of ruthlessness and of nonsense. In 1886, Chicago labor forces staged a meeting at Haymarket Square where a bomb killed seven people and injured more than sixty. To this day no one has the slightest idea who threw it. But the country read about the radicals with the markedly foreign names who were active in Chicago, and that was enough. A group of radicals was rushed to trial. "Hang them first and try them afterwards," the cry went up; the court, which came close to following this prescription, was cheered across the country. And somewhere in the middle of it all, red was removed from Chicago street advertisements, to be replaced with "a less suggestive color."

"A ridiculous and frightening reign of terror," one reform-minded professor, Edward Alsworth Ross, called the closing decade of the nineteenth century. Today it can be described by another term. Fear of turbulent new forces from the bottom had seized a pivotal section of the public. The resulting frenzy, with its indifference toward civil liberties, its suspicion of intellectuals, its drive to wrench everything back into a pattern more comfortable for the comfortable, marked modern America's first period of McCarthyism.

Birth of the Bolshie

The new century brought a calmer atmosphere. Most of the middle classes were listening to a fresh generation of leaders, the progressives or liberals, who argued that the way to prevent revolution from below was to reform from the top. Swift increases in the national productivity were offering more and more of the things that gave families an exhilarating sense of getting ahead. A much higher percentage of Americans was soon middle-class, in fact

or in attitude, and the old and the new middle groups were a good deal more at peace with those beneath them. All the while, the swing toward the progressive social program brought greater sympathy for new ideas in other fields, including increased acceptance of the idea that new ideas can be good.

But men did not forget the angry roar that had swept up from the slums and the sod houses in the 1890's. The whole progressivism of the early 1900's was streaked with apprehension. It was no accident that its great hero was Theodore Roosevelt, who had first won his political spurs by talking darkly of manning the barricades against "revolution" and who now presented himself as a "conservative" anxious for change as a way of fending off "socialism."

Suddenly this newly progressive America found itself in the First World War. The country had been in the fighting only seven months when it had to face the fact of a triumphant Bolshevism, thumbing its nose at all the doctrines of respectability from a vast home base. Lumbering, poverty-ridden Russia—what nation should have been so eager to follow the trim model of the American middle classes? As Communism showed strength in other peasant nations, it gave the United States its first real intimation that the restiveness at the bottom could be world-wide.

The Second Wave

The extremes of the Bolshevik doctrine and the fact that so many more Americans were now middle-class tended to unite the country in anxiety. The issue in the 1890's had

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been largely the American haves versus the American have-nots; now the reaction was much more that of a whole nation girding itself against an upsurge from the outer, poorer regions. But the national horror of Bolshevism also gave a weapon to all those Americans who had never really gone along with the compromise represented by the progressivism of the early 1900's. Wasn't Bolshevism, they cried, the natural development of any doctrine that insisted that social leveling is a part of democracy, called for using governmental powers to aid lower income groups, tampered with traditional morality, and hearkened to iconoclastic intellectuals?

Reviving all the old fears concerning domestic America, adding to them the terror of world-wide revolution, a second outburst of McCarthyism at the end of the First World War made the witch hunt of the 1890's seem like horseplay. Now a redoubled fury was directed at anything that smacked of unsettling newness. For the first time a committee of the United States Senate embarked on an investigation of thought, and its activities indicated the sweep and ruthlessness of the mood.

Early in the hearings two of the Senators, concerned that innocent people might be vilified, objected to the admission of hearsay evidence. Promptly the chairman, Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina, set his colleagues straight. To bar such evidence, said Chairman Overman, was unthinkable. It would mean holding to "the strict rules of law. If we do that, we never will get any testimony at all."

Satisfied, or at least overwhelmed, the committee raced ahead, swirling into the headlines its suspicion that any departure from the middle-class credo was a menace akin to Bolshevism. It glumly reviewed the social legislation passed before the war, questioned a divorced woman as if she owed the American people expiation for her broken marriage, recommended that only "Anglo-Saxon" immigrants should be admitted for the next ten years, and took notice of liberalizing trends in politics, race relations, education, morals, codes of family living, and economics with a denunciation of the "festering mass" of thinking that had become so widespread.

Along the way, a government witness, Archibald Stevenson, mentioned the word "intelligentsia," and Senator Josiah Wolcott of Delaware interrupted:

SENATOR WOLCOTT: What do you mean by "intelligentsia"—intellectuals?

MR. STEVENSON: Intellectuals.

SENATOR KNUTE NELSON (Minnesota): Senator, it means those an-

archists who confine their operations to brain storms and not to physical force.

As the 1920's went ahead, the more blatant aspects of McCarthyism quieted, but a queasy sense of the stirrings at the bottom, and of everything that could be associated with them, was much more a part of the thinking of millions.

The Great Disillusionment

The 1930's and 1940's, like the progressive years at the beginning of the century, made action more important than fear. The man of the most traditional middle-class ideas is not likely to concentrate on peril from the bottom when he is in danger of skidding to the bottom himself. He is not overly concerned about Communists when they are slugging the common enemy in a war. But the apprehensions lingered on, permeating the arguments against the domestic and foreign policies of Franklin Roosevelt, flaring up in sessions of the Dies Committee, influencing the whole manner in which the actions of the Administration were presented. This latter-day Roosevelt, almost as much as Theodore, argued for the new as the best way to preserve as much as possible of the old. "I am that kind of a liberal because I am that kind of a conservative," Franklin Roosevelt would declare in explanation of the wholesale violations of the middle-class credo that were brought by the New Deal and by the wartime alliance with the Soviet Union.

Meanwhile, the New Deal and the domestic changes accompanying the Second World War were combining to make the United States the most middle-class nation in history. Never before had so large a percentage of a people achieved a comfortable income; never before had so many above or below the medium economic level accepted the dominant pattern of thinking. It was this post-Second World War America of farmers driving convertibles, of factory workers going home to an evening of roast beef and television, of millions up and down the social scale joined by a yearning to relax into respectability, that was confronted with the most jarring fact in the whole troubled story of the middle classes.

During the turbulent 1890's, through the intimations of global revolt at the end of the First World War, few had ever really doubted that law of history which was the ultimate faith of the middle-class credo. Come wars or Bolsheviks, heretical intellectuals and moral crises, sooner or later all peoples would move toward the ways of the American middle classes, thus bringing general world composure and ironclad security for the United States.

Now the furies of the 1950's seemed to have annihilated the very law of history. Now billions of the poor around the globe were plainly moving according to a different dictate, and doing it in a way that threatened the military security of the nation.

New Era of Fear

The public reaction to this state of affairs has been, in part, axiomatic. It is not calming to exist in an era of fanatically anti-American Communists who can dangle a hydrogen bomb over your head, or to learn that devotees of a potential enemy had made their way into important parts of the U.S. government, or to live

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through Korea and Indo-China. In considerable measure, Americans of the 1950's have been frightened for the simple and sufficient reason that they live in a frightening world.

Yet the new era of fear also fits unmistakably into a long tradition. Once again the atmosphere has been produced by a thrust from people of poverty and low status; once again the emotions run out from the immediate issue to a score of other concerns. Apprehensive about the global upsurge, Americans have been taking a closer look at their own country and sensing just what it means to be the most middle-class people of all time. The older middle classes find that they have become merely everyman. The new middle classes are goaded by an awareness that the process of status jumping is still racing ahead. Uncomfortably, irritably, men recently sprung to respectability realize that a still newer immigrant is likely to buy the house next door. Negroes are competing with their sons in college. Hosts of writers and professors are telling them that any talk of being better than the slum community they struggled so hard to escape is undemocratic.

The intellectuals, stamped as apostles of restlessness since the 1890's, come in for their inevitable flayings. Aren't they the villains, the charges ring, who infected a whole generation with the idea that endless social change is good? And in the same breath that they argued for ever-continuing social legislation and "understanding" of the Russians, didn't they scoff at traditional views of liberty, free enterprise, and morality?

Yes, even morality. The more disturbed he becomes, the more the American of middle-class ideas in the 1950's tends to lash out at trends in every field. By the heavens, there is still such a thing as good and bad. But then, come to think of it, *is* there still such a thing?

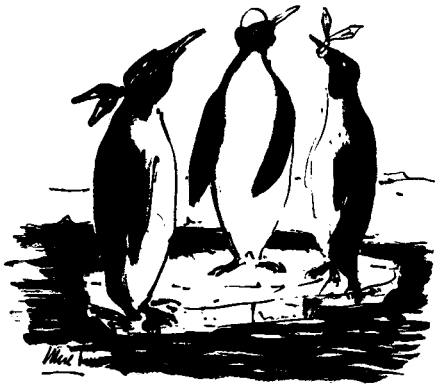
Haven't the corrosives of all the old sure standards seeped into his own life? When he criticizes the married man next door for cocktailing with other women, his own wife is likely to quote Kinsey and ask, "Don't you know that moral codes are relative to social class?" His denunciation of a corrupt politician as a plain scoundrel is inevitably followed by a news item in which a professor argues that the thieving has to be understood not in terms of moral evil but of the success drives of our society.

Well, at least he is sure how to raise his own children. But then, matter of fact, is he really sure what closing hour to impose on his daughter's dates? And when he raises his hand to thwack Junior's bottom, the blows are unsteadied by a crisscross of child-raising theories in his own mind.

The Biggest Wave

So the new conformists ride high with their demand to turn everything, including history, back. Generations of mounting middle-class apprehension aid them. The fact that the present upheaval gravely endangers the nation's military security makes their task still easier. The enormous percentage of Americans who are now middle-class in thinking lends further assistance. After two previous serious outbursts of McCarthyism, the United States is now in its third, by far the most sweeping and the most relentless—and, in at least two important senses, the most dangerous.

Today, more than ever before, the attitudes which make up McCarthyism are more likely to be found in



the ranks of one of the two major political parties. Thus concentrated, they are much more able to influence one of the two great organizations through which American democracy functions.

In influencing policies, McCarthyism of the 1950's is wreaking far greater havoc than its predecessors. When atavism swept America in the 1890's, the world was unaffected; even in the 1920's, the results outside the United States were not profound. Now, it need hardly be added, American leadership is the chief hope of decency around the globe. When the McCarthyism of the 1950's creates world-wide skepticism of America's ability to lead wisely, it is playing fast and loose with the destiny of billions.

Cause for Hope

Is this all there is to be said? Is the dreary cycle of increasingly serious McCarthyisms a true measure of American civilization? I think not. There is another side to the story, one that is both more hopeful and more disturbing.

The problem that has been plaguing American life at least since the Civil War is essentially the same as a basic difficulty of all western civilization. That civilization acquired important characteristics from the events of the later Middle Ages, when the rising middle classes rebelled against absolutist kings, churchmen, and landowners. The revolters emerged with a devotion to their own kind of democracy and to the variety of attitudes associated with it, but they also developed a frenetic worry over further thrusts from below and over the ways of thinking connected with such disturbances. When the agitations came in powerful form, in the social movements of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries and then in the Communist lunge, the middle classes in many European countries turned to an embittered, almost continuous McCarthyism. With the middle groups lined up at this extreme, the bottom classes had no place to go except to the other extreme, and much of Europe found its citizens glaring at each other across an abyss of ideology.

In some respects, Americans of middle-class mentality have repeated the pattern of their counterparts in these European countries. They have shown the same quick readiness to tizzy, the jealous sense of property and status, the dogged insistence on their definitions of democracy or morality or economic freedom no matter how much the formulas work against the interests of other groups, the habit of sitting lecturing a world that persists in yawning. In

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their way of reacting to dissidence by fierce, nonsensical attempts at suppression, they have been strikingly like the middle classes of post-First World War Europe, who were to carry their ruthlessness and their ridiculousness to the point of supporting brutal and comic-opera fascism. It is this type of reaction in the United States today that is driving so many thoughtful Americans to despair, and leading even more people around the world to assume that the nation is already in the first stages of fascism.

But the American middle classes have also shown characteristics that are uniquely their own. Passionate believers in education, they have supported steadily broadening and relatively free-thinking educational opportunities for the whole population. The sons and grandsons of village tinkers and of men who had to contrive a home out of a wilderness, they have proved to be inveterate pragmatists. Descendants of the outcasts of a score of countries, of farmers who started only with ambition and of small-town tradesmen who parlayed hope into a flourishing business, they have retained at least a streak of the feeling that everyone deserves some toehold of opportunity.

These special traits have worked to create a special situation in the United States during the last century. Most Americans of middle-class mentality, touched with that flexibility that only an untrammeled education can bring, have proved willing to consider doctrines of change. Pragmatists, they have always ultimately decided to bend rather than run the risk of being broken. Democrats at heart, they have been willing to bend because of a sense of common touch with those struggling to get ahead.

The Eisenhower Approach

Decade after decade, despite the increasingly serious outbursts of McCarthyism, the whole nation has been moving toward reconcilation with the social upsweep and the variety of new attitudes that accompanies it. The first basic test came in the 1890's, when America, like all of western civilization, was feeling the powerful upward thrust within its own borders. At this point a good many middle-class minds in Europe locked. Minds hardened in the United States, too, but most of them did not remain immobile. The education, the pragmatism, the democratic feelings told. The progressivism in many kinds of thinking which emerged then, however much it was streaked with fear, established a tradition that has exercised great power in American life for most of the twentieth century.

In the next critically important test, the world-wide challenge from the bottom in the 1950's, an America becoming sweepingly middle-class in

its thinking is not deserting the pattern. The education, the pragmatism, the democratic feelings continue to work away. Almost as soon as the East-West crisis became clear in the late 1940's, the nation, grumbling and cursing and crying alarm, accepted a policy that is the antithesis of McCarthyism—one of dealing with Communism not only by military might but by encouraging freedom for colonial peoples and by assisting in a world-wide rise in the standard of living. When 1952 came and circumstances decreed a change of parties, the public made one fact unmistakably clear. It preferred the man who, of the two chief contenders for the Republican nomination, was the more associated with domestic liberalism and with world-wide reform.

Once in the White House, Dwight Eisenhower has hardly proved a Galahad of anti-McCarthyism, but his popularity has held as he swings with the long-running trend of American life. Month after month, the President, still the unquestioned hero of the old and new middle classes, has become more plainly a symbol of moderate progressivism in the fields of housing, medical care, social security, and race relations; of a foreign policy that includes anti-colonialism and the assistance of social change abroad; and of combat with McCarthyism in a number of less easily categorized forms.

QUITE CLEARLY, the question is not whether the United States will be overwhelmed by McCarthyism; just as in the 1890's and the 1920's, the fury is breaking against the rock of deeper developments. The more basic problem is how many orgies of McCarthyism the United States can stand and still remain a nation capable of adjusting to the continuing revolution of our times. For each wave of frenzied atavism has left weaker the chief instruments that make the adjustment possible. The outbursts have cut down the ability of the American educational system to teach a fluid approach to human problems. They have besmirched pragmatic thinking as a form of submission to the Devil. They have permeated workaday idealism with hostility to the aspirations that are the eternal stuff of democratic living.

Because the present generation can see McCarthyism in so long and revealing a perspective, it is in a peculiarly good position to control, if not cure, the malady. The solution will not flow readily from a conservatism that has repeatedly condoned McCarthyism as a way of defeating reforms, or from a liberalism that now often serves merely as a shield for the gains of the newer middle classes. It will have to come from people who, whether they are called liberal or conservative, recognize a tremendous fact and accept it with a commensurate largeness of spirit. It will have to come from Americans who understand, without fear or resentment and with a tonic sense of human potentialities, that continued lifting of the men below is the historic mission of modern times.

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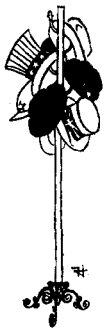
The Day We Didn't Go to War

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS



SATURDAY, April 3, 1954, was a raw, windy day in Washington, but the weather didn't prevent a hundred thousand Americans from milling around the Jefferson Memorial to see the cherry blossoms – or twenty thousand of them from watching the crowning of the 1954 Cherry Blossom Queen.

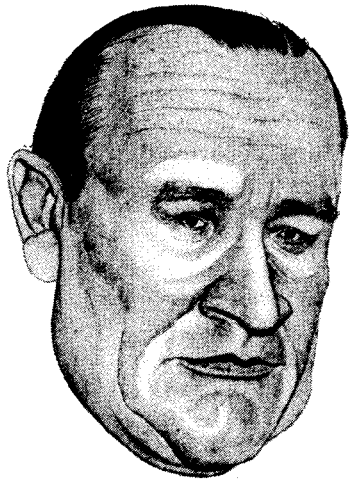
President Eisenhower drove off to his Maryland mountain retreat called Camp David. There he worked on his coming Monday speech, designed, so the White House said, to quiet America's fears of Russia, the H-bomb, domestic Communists, a depression. But that Saturday morning eight members of Congress, five Senators and three Representatives, got the scare of their lives. They had been called to a secret conference with John Foster Dulles. They entered one of the State Department's fifth-floor conference rooms to find not only Dulles but Admiral Arthur W. Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Under Secretary of Defense Roger Kyes, Navy Secretary Robert B. Anderson, and Thruston B. Morton, Dulles's assistant for Congressional Relations. A large map of the world hung behind Dulles's seat, and Radford stood by with several others. "The President has asked me to call this meeting," Dulles began.

Urgency and a Plan

The atmosphere became serious at once. What was wanted, Dulles said, was a joint resolution by Congress to permit the President to use air and naval power in Indo-China. Dulles hinted that perhaps the mere passage of such a resolution would in itself make its use unnecessary. But the President had asked for its consideration, and, Dulles added, Mr. Eisenhower felt that it was indispensable at this juncture that the leaders of Congress feel as the Administration did on the Indo-China crisis.

Then Radford took over. He said the Administration was deeply concerned over the rapidly deteriorating situation. He used a map of the Pacific to point out the importance of Indo-China. He spoke about the French Union forces then already under siege for three weeks in the fortress of Dienbienphu.

The admiral explained the urgency of American action by declaring that he was not even sure, because of poor communications, whether, in fact, Dienbienphu was still holding out. (The fortress held out for five weeks more.)



Senator Knowland

Dulles backed up Radford. If Indo-China fell and if its fall led to the loss of all of Southeast Asia, he declared, then the United States might eventually be forced back to Hawaii, as it was before the Second World War. And Dulles was not complimentary about the French. He said he feared they might use some disguised means of getting out of Indo-China if they did not receive help soon.

THE EIGHT legislators were silent: Senate Majority Leader Knowland and his G.O.P. colleague Eugene Millikin, Senate Minority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson and his Democratic colleagues Richard B. Russell and Earle C. Clements, House G.O.P. Speaker Joseph Martin and two Democratic House leaders, John W. McCormack and J. Percy Priest.

What to do? Radford offered the plan he had in mind once Congress passed the joint resolution.

Some two hundred planes from the thirty-one-thousand-ton U.S. Navy carriers *Essex* and *Boxer*, then in the South China Sea ostensibly for "training," plus land-based U.S. Air Force planes from bases a thousand miles away in the Philippines, would be used for a single strike to save Dienbienphu.

The legislators stirred, and the questions began.

Radford was asked whether such action would be war. He replied that we would be in the war.

If the strike did not succeed in relieving the fortress, would we follow up? "Yes," said the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Would land forces then also have to be used? Radford did not give a definite answer.

In the early part of the questioning, Knowland showed enthusiasm for the venture, consistent with his public statements that something must be done or Southeast Asia would be lost.

But as the questions kept flowing, largely from Democrats, Knowland lapsed into silence.

Clements asked Radford the first of the two key questions: "Does this plan have the approval of the other members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff?"

"No," replied Radford.

"How many of the three agree with you?"

"None."

"How do you account for that?"

"I have spent more time in the Far East than any of them and I understand the situation better."

Lyndon Johnson put the other key question in the form of a little speech. He said that Knowland had been saying publicly that in Korea up to ninety per cent of the men and the money came from the United States. The United States

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Senator Russell

had become sold on the idea that that was bad. Hence in any operation in Indo-China we ought to know first who would put up the men. And so he asked Dulles whether he had consulted nations who might be our allies in intervention.

Dulles said he had not.

The Secretary was asked why he didn't go to the United Nations as in the Korean case. He replied that it would take too long, that this was an immediate problem.

There were other questions. Would Red China and the Soviet Union come into the war if the United States took military action? The China question appears to have been sidestepped, though Dulles said he felt the Soviets could handle the Chinese and the United States did not think that Moscow wanted a general war now. Further, he added, if the Communists feel that we mean business, they won't go "any further down there," pointing to the map of Southeast Asia.

John W. McCormack, the House Minority Leader, couldn't resist temptation. He was surprised, he said, that Dulles would look to the "party of treason," as the Democrats had been called by Joe McCarthy in his Lincoln's Birthday speech under G.O.P. auspices, to take the lead in a situation that might end up in a general shooting war. Dulles did not reply.

In the end, all eight members of Congress, Republicans and Democrats alike, were agreed that Dulles had better first go shopping for allies. Some people who should know say that Dulles was carrying, but did not produce, a draft of the joint resolution the President wanted Congress to consider.

The whole meeting had lasted two hours and ten minutes. As they left, the Hill delegation told waiting reporters they had been briefed on Indo-China. Nothing more.

THIS APPROACH to Congress by Dulles and Radford on behalf of the President was the beginning of three weeks of intensive effort by the Administration to head off disaster in Indo-China. Some of those at the meeting came away with the feeling that if they had agreed that Saturday to the resolution, planes would have been winging toward Dienbienphu without waiting for a vote of Congress—or without a word in advance to the American people.

For some months now, I have tried to put together the bits and pieces of the American part in the Indo-China debacle. But before relating the sequel, it is necessary here to go back to two events that underlay the meeting just described—though neither of them was mentioned at that meeting.

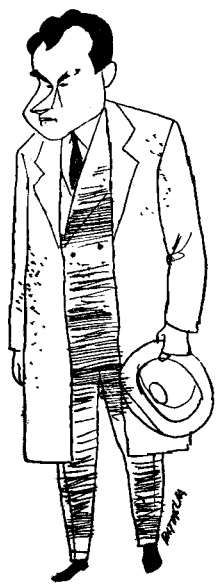
On March 20, just two weeks earlier, General Paul Ely, then French Chief of Staff and later commander in Indo-China, had arrived in Washington from the Far East to tell the President, Dulles, Radford, and others that unless the United States intervened, Indo-China would be lost. This was a shock of earthquake proportions to leaders who had been taken in by their own talk of the Navarre Plan to win the war.

In his meetings at the Pentagon, Ely was flabbergasted to find that Radford proposed American intervention without being asked. Ely said he would have to consult his government. He carried back to Paris the word that when France gave the signal, the United States would respond.

The second event of importance is the most difficult to determine accurately. But it is clear that Ely's remarks started a mighty struggle within the National Security Council, that inner core of the government where our most vital decisions are worked out for the President's final O.K. The argument advanced by Radford and supported by Vice-President Nixon and by Dulles was that Indo-China must not be allowed to fall into Communist hands lest such a fate set in motion a falling row of dominoes.

Eisenhower himself used the "row-of-dominoes" phrase at a press conference on April 7. On April 15, Radford said in a speech that Indo-China's loss "would be the prelude to the loss of all Southeast Asia and a threat to a far wider area." On April 16 Nixon, in his well-publicized "off-the-record" talk to the newspaper editors' convention, said that if the United States could not otherwise prevent the loss of Indo-China, then the Administration must face the situation and dispatch troops. And the President in his press conference of March 24 had declared that Southeast Asia was of the "most transcendent importance." All these remarks reflected a basic policy decision.

IT IS MY understanding, although I cannot produce the top-secret NSC paper to prove it, that some time between Ely's arrival on March 20 and the Dulles-Radford approach to the Congressional leaders on April 3, the NSC had taken a firm position that the United States could not



Vice-President Nixon

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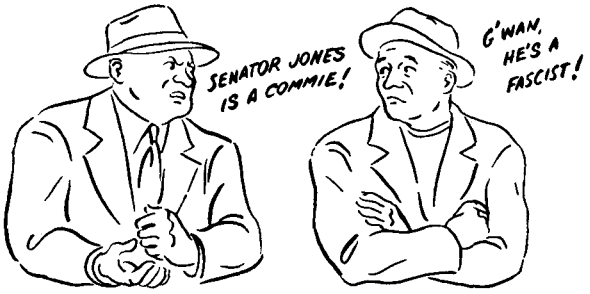

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afford the loss of Indo-China to the Communists, and that if it were necessary to prevent that loss, the United States would intervene in the war—*provided* the intervention was an allied venture and *provided* the French would give Indo-China a real grant of independence so as to eliminate the colonialism issue. The decision may have been taken at the March 25 meeting. It is also my understanding that this NSC paper has on it the approving initials "D.D.E."

On March 29, Dulles, in a New York speech, had called for "united action" even though it might involve "serious risks," and declared that Red China was backing aggression in Indo-China with the goal of controlling all of Southeast Asia. He had added that the United States felt that "that possibility should not be passively accepted but should be met by united action."

The newspapers were still full of reactions to this speech when the Congressional leaders, at the April 3 secret meeting with Dulles and Radford, insisted that Dulles should line up allies for "united action" before trying to get a joint resolution of Congress that would commit the nation to war.

The Secretary lost no time. Within a week Dulles talked with diplomatic representatives in Washington of Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Thailand, and the three Associated States of Indo-China—Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.

There was no doubt in the minds of many of these diplomats that Dulles was discussing military action involving carriers and planes. Dulles was seeking a statement or declaration of intent designed to be issued by all the nations at the time of the U.S. military action, to explain to the world what we were doing and why, and to warn the Chinese Communists against entering the war as they had done in Korea.

IN THESE talks Dulles ran into one rock of opposition—Britain. Messages flashing back and forth between Washington and London failed to crack the rock. Finally Dulles offered to come and talk the plan over personally with Prime Minister Churchill and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. On April 10, just a week after the Congressional meeting, Dulles flew off to London and later went on to Paris.

Whether Dulles told the British about either the NSC decision or about his talks with the Congressional leaders I do not know. But he didn't need to. The British had learned of the Congressional meeting within a couple of days after it happened. When Dulles reached

Foreign Minister Eden

London they were fully aware of the seriousness of his mission.

The London talks had two effects. Dulles had to shelve the idea of immediate intervention. He came up instead with a proposal for creating a Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO). Dulles felt this was the "united front" he wanted and that it would lead to "united action." He thought that some sort of *ad hoc* organization should be set up at once without waiting for formal treaty organization, and to this, he seems to have felt, Churchill and Eden agreed.

Just what the British did agree to is not clear, apparently not even to them. Dulles, it appears, had no formal SEATO proposal down on paper, while the British did have some ideas in writing. Eden feels that he made it plain that nothing could be done until after the Geneva Conference, which was due to begin in two weeks. But he apparently made some remark about "going on thinking about it" in the meantime.

At any rate, on his return to Washington Dulles immediately called a SEATO drafting meeting for April 20. The British Ambassador (who at this point had just read the Nixon off-the-record speech in the newspapers) cabled London for instructions and was told not to attend any such meeting. To cover up, the meeting was turned into one on Korea, the other topic for the Geneva Conference. Out of this confusion grew a thinly veiled hostility between Dulles and Eden that exists to this day. Dulles felt that Eden had switched his position and suspects that Eden did so after strong words reached London from Prime Minister Nehru in New Delhi.

Eden at the Bridge

A few days later, Dulles flew back to Paris, ostensibly for the NATO meeting with Eden, France's Georges Bidault, and others during the weekend just before the Geneva Conference opened.

On Friday, April 23, Bidault showed Dulles a telegram from General Henri-Eugène Navarre, then the Indo-China commander, saying that only a massive air attack could save Dienbienphu, by now under siege for six weeks. Dulles said the United States could not intervene.

But on Saturday Admiral Radford arrived and met with Dulles. Then Dulles and Radford saw Eden. Dulles told Eden that the French were asking for military help at once. An allied air strike at the Vietminh positions around Dienbienphu was discussed. The discussion centered on using the same two U.S. Navy carriers and Philippine-based Air Force planes Radford had talked about to the Congressional leaders.

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Radford, it appears, did most of the talking. But Dulles said that if the allies agreed, the President was prepared to go to Congress on the following Monday, April 26 (the day the Geneva Conference was to open) and ask for a joint resolution authorizing such action. Assuming quick passage by Congress, the strike could take place on April 28. Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith, an advocate of intervention, gave the same proposal to French Ambassador Henri Bonnet in Washington the same day.

The State Department had prepared a declaration of intentions, an outgrowth of the earlier proposal in Washington, to be signed on Monday or Tuesday by the Washington ambassadors of the allied nations willing to back the venture in words. As it happened, there were no available British or Australian carriers and the French already were fully occupied. Hence the strike would be by American planes alone, presented to the world as a "united action" by means of the declaration of intentions.

Eden, on hearing all these details from Dulles and Radford, said that this was a most serious proposition, amounting to war, and that he wanted to hear it direct from the French. Eden and Dulles thereupon conferred with Bidault, who confirmed the fact that France was indeed calling desperately for help—though no formal French request was ever put forward in writing.

Eden began to feel like Horatius at the bridge. Here, on the eve of a conference that might lead to a negotiated end of the seven-year-old Indo-China war, the United States, at the highly informal request of a weak and panicky French Government, was proposing military action that might very well lead to a general war in Asia if not to a third world war.

Dulles's Retreat

Eden said forcefully that he could not agree to any such scheme of intervention, that he personally opposed it. He added his conviction that within forty-eight hours after an air strike, ground troops would be called for, as had been the case at the beginning of the Korean War.

But, added Eden, he alone could not make any such formal decision on behalf of Her Majesty's Government. He would fly to London at once and put the matter before a Cabinet meeting. So far as I can determine, neither Dulles or Bidault tried to prevent this step.

Shortly after Eden flew off that Saturday afternoon, Dulles sat down in the American Embassy in Paris with his chief advisers, Messrs. MacArthur, Merchant, Bowie, and McCardle, and Ambassador Dillon. They composed a letter to Bidault.

In this letter, Dulles told Bidault the United States could not intervene without action by Congress because to do so was beyond the President's Constitutional powers and because we had made it plain that any action we might take could only be part of a "united action." Further, Dulles added, the American military leaders felt it was too late to save Dienbienphu.

American intervention collapsed on that Saturday, April 24. On Sunday Eden arrived in Geneva with word of the "No" from the specially convened British Cabinet meeting. And on Monday, the day the Geneva

Secretary Dulles

Conference began, Eisenhower said in a speech that what was being sought at Geneva was a "modus vivendi" with the Communists.

All these events were unknown to the general public at the time. However, on Sunday the New York *Times* printed a story (written in Paris under a Geneva dateline) that the U.S. had turned down a French request for intervention on the two grounds Dulles had cited to Bidault. And on Tuesday Churchill announced to a cheering House of Commons that the British government was "not prepared to give any undertakings about United Kingdom military action in Indo-China in advance of the results of Geneva" and that "we have not entered into any new political or military commitments."

Thus the Geneva Conference opened in a mood of deepest American gloom. Eden felt that he had warded off disaster and that now there was a chance to negotiate a peace. The Communists, whatever they may have learned of the behind-the-scenes details here recounted, knew that Britain had turned down some sort of American plan of intervention. And with the military tide in Indo-China flowing so rapidly in their favor, they proceeded to stall.

In the end, of course, a kind of peace was made. On June 23, nearly four weeks before the peace, Eden said in the House of Commons that the British Government had "been reproached in some unofficial quarters for their failure to support armed intervention to try to save Dienbienphu. It is quite true that we were at no time willing to support such action . . ."

THIS mixture of improvisation and panic is the story of how close the United States came to entering the Indo-China war. Would Congress have approved intervention if the President had dared to ask it? This point is worth a final word.

On returning from Geneva in mid-May, I asked that question of numerous Senators and Representatives. Their replies made clear that Congress would, in the end, have done what Eisenhower asked, provided he had asked for it forcefully and explained the facts and their relation to the national interest of the United States.

Whether action or inaction better served the American interest at that late stage of the Indo-China war is for the historian, not for the reporter, to say. But the fact emerges that President Eisenhower never did lay the intervention question on the line. In spite of the NSC decision, April 3, 1954, was the day we *didn't* go to war.

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How the Horse Industry Went to the Dogs

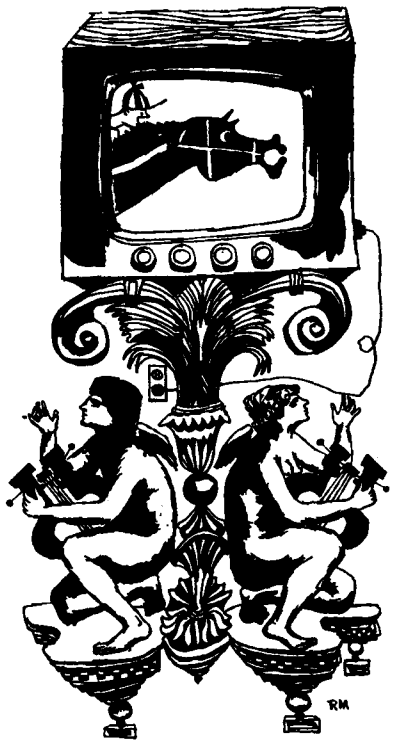
DON MANKIEWICZ

In a world in which cartelization and concentration appear to be the order of the day, bookmaking seems to stand alone in returning to the classic individual-enterprise system. "Cottage industry," an unusually erudite bookmaker friend of mine calls it unhappily.

This is especially surprising because bookmaking, of all industries, seemed, from the end of Prohibition until 1951, to form itself almost automatically into trusts and combines. By the late 1940's it was widely believed that the individual bookmaker had ceased to exist here and would never be seen again. In his place had come a horde of specialists—clerks, runners, figuremen, payoff men, layoff men, collectors, sheet writers, ice (or juice) men—all tightly organized into "offices" and the offices themselves tightly organized into "wheels." Above the wheels, one was told—but the fact was never documented—loomed the Syndicate, a vague entity which was said to apportion jurisdiction to the wheels and handle accountings among them.

Whether the Syndicate ever existed, the rest of the organization certainly did; and today it has, to all intents and purposes, been swept away. Bookmakers attribute the disappearance of the over-all apparatus to a single cause which they call "Kefauver." "We had a good system before Kefauver," they will say. The reference is not so much to the quondam chairman of a subcommittee of the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee as to the numerous citizens' "crime commissions" and the vastly increased public interest in the alliance between organized gambling and political corruption, all of which was given its impetus from the hearings.

"When Erickson and Carroll went on the television," my bookmaker friend said recently, "it was the beginning of the end." (Frank Erickson, New York's biggest layoff bookie, is now in jail for income-tax evasion. James J. Carroll, a St. Louis bookmaker of such magnitude that he is always called a "betting commissioner," gave by far the fullest account of the day-to-day workings of his trade.) For the past twenty years, my friend has operated on Morningside Heights, New York City, in the environs of Columbia



University, and has acquired some of his clients' education along with considerable amounts of their money. I am indebted to him for many of the facts concerning the present and past operations of bookmakers. It is a debt I shall repay in part by referring to him only as Irving, a name that approximates his own.

Irving's Emporium

Irving's position in the pre-Kefauver days might be likened to that of a sub-contractor. He operated on a franchise from a New Jersey office which was, in turn, a subsidiary of the Eastern wheel. He employed, on his own behalf, a clerk, a runner, and a phone man. The runner was a part-time employee who brought in bets from the people he encountered in the course of his regular work as a pick-up man for a Harlem numbers bank. The clerk and the phone man were full-time employees, however, whose salaries went as high as $125 a week each during the war when manpower was scarce and Irving had to set wages without any help from the Wage Stabilization Board.

The clerk recorded all wagers, writing down on slips the amount of each bet, the horse, the race, whether the bet was win, place, or show, and whether it was part of a parlay, round robin, or "if bet," as well as the time the bet was made and the initials of the bettor. From these slips he made periodic summaries, showing the totals bet on the various horses. These totals the phone man transmitted to the office, where a sheet writer correlated them with similar information from other books operating from the same office in order that a figure man could ascertain if the office's total liability on any horse was so seriously out of line as to warrant calling on the layoff man to hedge some of it by betting it elsewhere.

The phone man was charged with all liaison between the book and the office, supplying the office with the information already described and receiving from the office the results of the races as they were run (together with running descriptions for the entertainment of those patrons who remained in Irving's horse room to hear them), mutuel prices, late scratches, jockey changes, overweights, and probable off times of future races.

Thirty-two Opportunities

If asked to describe his relationship with the office in these pre-Kefauver days, Irving would have said that the office supplied him "service." Service was tripartite in nature, consisting of information, layoff facilities, and protection against police interference. Quick relaying of the results of races permitted Irving to pay off his winning clients even be-

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fore backers of the same horses were paid off at the race tracks. (Tracks ordinarily require winning bettors to stand in line before being paid; Irving did not.)

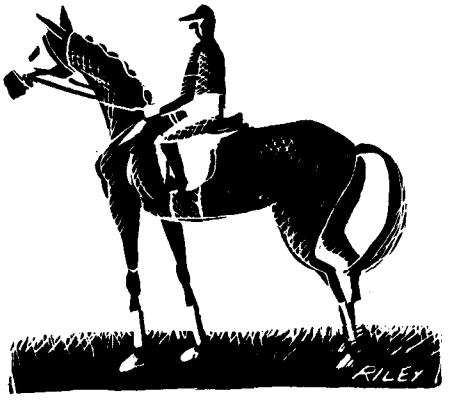
The quick payoff permitted the winners to "bet back"—that is, to reinvest their gains on later races. The end result was that Irving had not one but as many as thirty-two opportunities to divorce a single client from his money. (On an average day then—as now—Irving gave "action" at four tracks.) The pre-race information, especially the "price line" as it developed, permitted Irving to know his liability on each horse and to adjust his book accordingly.

Thus if $1,000 was bet on a particular race, of which $300 was on the favorite, Irving was "well" in so far as the favorite was concerned as long as the odds against the favorite did not exceed 2-1: Even if the animal won, he stood to collect more from the losers ($700) than he stood to pay out to the winners ($600). If, however, the odds against the favorite lengthened to 3-1, Irving —or the office on Irving's behalf—would lay off some of the bets on the favorite, either by betting the money into some other office on the wheel or, in extreme circumstances, by betting on the horse through an agent retained at the track for that purpose. Racetrack officials have always taken a stern public position against this sort of hanky-panky; but sworn testimony before the Kefauver Committee indicated that some of them welcomed it, at least to the extent of granting credit facilities to the layoff agent.

THE PROTECTIVE aspects of the service, Irving maintains, were vastly exaggerated in the public tumult that followed the hearings. "After all," he points out, "they only took care of downtown." By this he means that even in the good old days, he was on his own so far as the cop on the beat and the radio car were concerned. This was not, however, as formidable a risk as might be supposed. Until quite recently, in New York City, as in many cities, beat cops and radio patrolmen were forbidden to make gambling arrests, this authority being reserved for plainclothesmen and members of the "vice" or "special" squads, all of whom, of course, operate out of "downtown."

Would Merrill Lynch Like It?

In any event, all this is gone now. There is no more protection, no more "information," no more layoff wire. "It's like they took that Merrill Lynch wagon," Irving declared, referring to the traveling brokerage office of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, "and cut the wires so they couldn't get in touch with the home office or the exchange, and then said: 'O.K., boys. You're in business.' "



THE IMAGE is not badly chosen. Irving is now completely independent. His few remaining clients must seek him out as he patrols the street ever alert against an officious policeman. The client must write his own betting slip, handing it to Irving along with the money, for it would be too risky for Irving to pause to write it out himself. "Every rookie cop," he proclaimed sadly, "is looking to knock me over." Once the slip reaches him, Irving hurries into one of the numerous bars that dot his route, nearly all of which have friendly barmen, and caches it. That night he returns, picks up his slips, and takes them to his home in Queens, where he studies them at his leisure, checking them against the results in the *Herald Tribune's* "Early Bird" edition, and making up a list of the winners and the amounts due them. This list he memorizes before leaving the apartment. The following day he pays off the winners in the same way in which he collected the bets in the first place, with a quick, elaborately casual handshake.

The defects in the present system are obvious. To begin with, there is no "betting back." The man who backs a winner in the first race at Saratoga, which goes off at 1:15 P.M., does not get paid off until the following morning. In the old days, he would have had the money in his hand by 1:25, and would then have had roughly seven and a half hours (9 P.M. being post time for the last race at Hollywood Park) to lose back what he had won.

But the worst defect in the present arrangement is that Irving, who was once a businessman, has become a gambler perforce. "Do I know what I'm doing?" he demanded rhetorically. "If a quarter of my money is on a horse that's 2-1 in the morning, I should be safe. So he jumps down and pays twenty-two dollars and change, and where am I?"

'Kefauver Killed Him'

Under the new régime Irving's trade has fallen off drastically, something Irving ascribes to his inability to provide prompt payment on winning bets. "A player wants action," he explained. "Even if he only has two dollars, he figures to win the first at Saratoga, and then take that money and bet it on the first at Rockingham, and then make a bet at Chicago, and so on all afternoon. If he knows he can't do that, he won't even bother making that first bet." Whatever the reason, Irving's clientele, which used to number about a hundred steady everyday bettors, plus another hundred Saturday-only investors, has dwindled to about a score. The others now do their betting at the track or have given up the game altogether.

At least one former customer who took this last choice did so with unfortunate results. "He was an old gaffer," Irving recalled. "Must have been seventy years old. He used to come in with a couple of dollars every day. He'd make parlays, round robins, if bets, and all, and nurse those few dollars along all afternoon. When we stopped giving quick service, he lost interest. Took to hanging around in saloons. Six months later, he dropped dead in Tami's. Cirrhosis of the liver.

"Kefauver," Irving said levelly, "killed him."

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Twinkle, Twinkle In Toronto

FRANK RASKY

EVER since Bernarr Macfadden's frantic tabloid, the New York *Graphic,* failed in 1932, it has been the custom of reporters to name this or that newspaper the last haven of yellow journalism. That color, of course, was first applied to Joseph Pulitzer's New York *World,* after its gaudy cartoon feature, "The Yellow Kid," drawn by R. F. Outcault. The term, symbolizing sensationalism and eccentricity, has since been applied variously to James Gordon Bennett's old New York *Herald,* William Randolph Hearst's later blooming hybrids, the New York *Journal-American* and Chicago *Herald-American,* and the London Sunday *News of the World.*

I would like to nominate a candidate today consistently ignored by American connoisseurs of jazz journalism. Though this repository is more strident than the most razzle-dazzle of yellow journals in the United States, it has been overlooked because it lies across the border. It is the Toronto *Daily Star,* the largest circulated, wealthiest, most successful, and most enigmatic newspaper in Canada. Since it reflects the curiously ambivalent attitude of modern Canadians toward American customs, it offers an engrossing case study.

In common with Ernest Hemingway, Pierre Van Paassen, and Morley Callaghan, I put in several years as a reporter on the *Star.* Like those writers, as well as the some four hundred thousand readers of the *Star* and the nine hundred thousand readers of its sister publication, the Toronto *Star Weekly,* I have been simultaneously baffled and beguiled by the *Star's* paradoxical inconsistencies. It is neither flesh nor fowl—not wholly an imitation of a Yankee tabloid, nor yet entirely representative of the urban though piety-ridden culture of an industrial center that has long since emerged from the Mountie and Eskimo-dog frontierism with which untraveled Americans quaintly like to stereotype Canada.

Despite having the largest national circulation, the *Star* is by no means the most influential newspaper in the Dominion. That honor is probably shared by two conservative dailies: the Toronto *Globe & Mail,* which emulates the sober intellec-

tual tone of the New York *Times* to the point of using the *Times's* syndicate service, and the Winnipeg *Free Press,* which might be likened for its integrity to the Washington *Post and Times Herald.*

Nor has the *Star,* for all its entrenched position, adopted the provincially isolationist outlook of, say, the Chicago *Tribune.* Rather, the *Star* has encouraged the inferiority complex of a people who are always being made aware of their dependence on the United States and the British Commonwealth.

Reportorial Swarm

To an astonishing degree the *Star* exploits its readers' mildly resentful curiosity about the success symbols, idols, and foibles of the giant neighbor to the south. There are probably more *Star* staff reporters and photographers covering stories deep in the United States at this moment than most American newspapers have on assignment fifty miles from their offices. During the Chicago conventions and 1952 election campaign, the *Star* had more correspondents tagging on the heels of Dwight D. Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson than did most American newspapers. When Detroit suffered a race riot eleven years ago, the *Star* was possibly the only out-of-town newspaper on the continent that had a staff reporter, Ray Munroe, on the spot.

At the same time, the *Star* strengthens its readers' ties to the British Commonwealth in an equally enterprising manner. When an earthquake broke out in Quetta, India, Gordon Sinclair, a roving *Star* correspondent, cabled eyewitness descriptions. In the last war, it had seven correspondents with the British troops at one time. During the royal tour of Canada in 1951, the *Star* dispatched thirty staffers to greet the royal plane at Quebec and another thirty to Ottawa. "Goodness!" exclaimed the Duke of Edinburgh when he shook hands with the fifteenth *Star* reporter, "not the Toronto *Star* again!"

AT A TIME when newspapers in the United States and Britain seem to be moving to the Right politically, the *Star* stubbornly retains its position left of Center. This anachronistic role, however, seems founded less on idealism than on expediency.

In the last half century, the *Star* has espoused Communism, Socialism, and Sir Wilfred Laurier Liberalism;

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but partisans of these philosophies, distrusting its lack of genuine conviction, have all sniped bitterly at the *Star's* vagaries. During the depression years of the 1930's, the *Star* backed Tim Buck, leader of the Canadian Communist Party, whose name has since been changed to the Labor-Progressive Party to avoid being outlawed. During the Allies' honeymoon period with the Soviet Union in the last war, the *Star* was nicknamed *"Red Star."*

When the constellation of Canada's third major party, the Socialist C.C.F., seemed to be on the ascendancy in its appeal to its readers, the *Star* took to flirting with Socialism. In more recent years, the *Star* has embraced the Liberal Party both in Ontario and the Dominion, largely because the Tory Progressive-Conservative Party threatened to pass a Charitable Gifts Act affecting the financial foundation of the *Star*. So violently partisan was the *Star* in the last Federal elections that it ran a front-page banner headline appealing to its readers' Empire jingoism: KEEP CANADA BRITISH. DESTROY DREW'S HOUDE, GOD SAVE THE KING!

Some Noteworthy Inconsistencies

The *Star's* labor policies have been equally erratic. Ever since it was founded in 1892 by a group of striking printers, the *Star* has been a vociferous supporter of unionism, but not until lately for itself.

Though the *Star* was the only Canadian newspaper to welcome the CIO to the Dominion, it persistently smashed the Newspaper Guild's attempts to organize its editorial department. While it has been known to give bonuses of $10,000 to its top reporters, few staff members will forget the time it fired thirteen reporters on Christmas Eve. When I was a cub reporter on the *Star* in the 1940's, the thought of receiving overtime pay for working through the night was considered laughable. In April, 1950, however, the *Star* became, after a vigorous tussle, the first Canadian newspaper to sign a CIO American Newspaper Guild contract. Its agreement, offering experienced reporters a minimum $80 for a forty-four-hour, five-day week, now makes *Star* editorial men the highest paid in the Dominion.

Probably the greatest inconsistency about the *Star* has been the bizarre journalistic mishmash it offers its readers. It has pulled off some of the most notable scoops and daffiest stunts in the annals of journalism. It has also, along with the Toronto *Star Weekly*, served up some of the most irresponsible and antiquated journalism extant. The *Weekly*, which is about eighty per cent American in content and has the old-fashioned boiler-plate appearance of Hearst's *American Weekly*, is possibly the only publication on record that purchases batches of illustrations and then looks for short stories to fit them. It is significant that the picture which for years was displayed on the *Star's* office wall as an exemplary model was an enormous reproduction of Ruth Snyder dying in the electric chair, a photo surreptitiously snapped by a New York *Daily News* reporter.

The *Star* still covers the news in a relentless, buccaneering, rough-and-ready style. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., may have given up his father's quixotic habit of dispatching squads of reporters to a news source; the *Star* still sends out platoons. It has also been known to fire men for not squandering large enough sums to get an exclusive story.

When a *Star* reporter on the Great Lakes was ordered to go to Parry Sound, Ontario, through a storm, he hired an entire train, and won a bonus for his initiative. The *Star*, which was the first to print the story of Sir Frederick Banting's discovery of insulin for diabetes, hired the only plane available and filled it with twenty-one reporters to cover Sir Frederick's air-crash death in Newfoundland. When the gates of the Welland Canal fell and crushed fifteen people, the *Star's* then city editor, Harry Johnson, took his entire staff of some thirty reporters and set up the city room in Welland, complete with a telegraph desk.

Though they were paid only sixty dollars a week, the best *Star* reporters seem to have been instilled with an amazing do-or-die fervor for the old paper. When Harold Vermilyea was hanged for axing his mother, one *Star* reporter, undeterred by the fact that he was Vermilyea's nephew, scrambled up the jail wall to write an eyewitness account of the execution. When a plane crashed in Quebec, killing eighteen people, a *Star* reporter landed by helicopter on a frozen lake, and then hiked all night through the wilderness to reach it.

The *Star's* flying-squad news coverage helped it score some great journalistic coups. In what was perhaps its most notable feat, a gang of

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six *Star* reporters fought off a band of rival American newspapermen in order to get the continent's first photographs of the crash landing of the German airplane *Bremen* off the Labrador coast. Then, at the nearest telegraph outlet in Murray Bay, Quebec, another band of *Star* men tied up the line by paying the operator to wire a copy of the *New Republic,* page by page, back to Toronto.

Charades and Charlatanry

Inevitably, though, the coverage-en masse technique also led to confusion, not without its touch of low comedy. I remember one drowsy July afternoon in 1944 when the *Star's* city editor, James Kingsbury, went into action on a police radio report that an escaped murderer was loose in Toronto's northern suburb, Forest Hill Village. Within seconds, every reporter in the city room and a half dozen photographers were bundled into taxicabs.

For an hour we cruised through the fashionable streets of Forest Hill Village behind the police cars, which we easily outnumbered. Ultimately we received the flash that the killer was reported to be hiding in a waist-high field of weeds near a synagogue. We raced to the spot immediately. Along with the other reporters, I took my place behind a constable, who, gun in hand, cautiously beat his way through the weeds toward the center of the field.

I was perspiring nervously when I jumped at the sound of a revolver shot and a cry, "I've got him!" We all ran excitedly in the direction of the shout—only to find a cop clutching a bewildered *Star* reporter. It turned out that the overzealous *Star* man had gotten ahead of the cop; happily, he was left unscathed. The murderer never showed up.

To whet the appetite of its readers for sex and sensationalism, the *Star* has been addicted to the most arrant kind of faking. Much of its coverage is devoted to stunts rather than bona fide news. Indeed, when it felt its afternoon competitor, the Toronto *Evening Telegram,* did not provide sufficient competition in this area of looniness, the *Star* established what it called the Nuts Department to compete with its own city desk in dreaming up harebrained stunts.

When an editor insisted skiing was possible in springtime in Windsor, Ontario, a *Star* reporter-photographer team obliged by emptying twenty sacks of salt outside Windsor to simulate snow, and posing a covey of models skiing in bathing suits. (The *Star* still has a stable of tall blonde models on tap, and poses them in every contingency.) When fifteen youths capsized in a canoe on Balsam Lake in Ontario, thirteen *Star* reporters dutifully reconstructed the tragedy by plunging into the icy water from a rented canoe while photographers recorded it for the *Star.* I myself was once assigned casually to put through a long-distance phone call to the Kremlin and describe the problems of interviewing Stalin, while other *Star* men have honed their wits in attempts to interview by phone Adolf Hitler, an orangutan, talking dogs, and other eccentric fauna.

As OFTEN as not, this sort of bogus reporting led to semi-disasters, or at least to embarrassment. Once I was assigned to compose fake sob stories for the Christmas Santa Claus Fund and the Fresh Air Fund, two *Star* promotions designed to inspire reader contributions to the city's underprivileged children.

My stories were maudlin clichés, many of them cribbed from O. Henry plots. One of them proved altogether too convincing. It dealt with an imaginary Toronto girl who wept to be a violinist but had to pawn her fiddle to provide money for her parents' Christmas. A dozen susceptible dowagers of prominence phoned to contribute funds, each insisting she wanted to pay for the girl's tuition through a music conservatory.

I never did find out how the city editor wiggled out of that dilemma, but I have always harbored a respect for the ingenuity displayed by one *Star* desk editor. It was his misfortune to beat the gun on the climax of a story that had the continent's news readers on edge for days—the rescue some years ago of a group of miners entombed in a crumbled shaft at Moose River, Ontario. The editor had prepared a headline consisting of the one word RESCUED!, so gigantic it virtually covered all of page one. Meanwhile, at the scene of the disaster, *Star* reporters Gordon Sinclair and Gregory Clark had arranged for one of the doctors to signal them secretly—by taking his instruments out of his medical bag—when this head seemed warranted.

At last the reporters flashed the good word to the *Star* office. The editor immediately set the presses rolling with his headline creation. Unhappily, after the edition was out on the streets, it turned out the headline was premature. Though the diggers had reached the trapped survivors, hours passed before RESCUED! became true. Ultimately, when the facts caught up with the headline, the desk editor saved his face by devising a masterpiece for later editions. The new headline read UP ALIVE!

'Holy Joe'

The shenanigans of his staff were a constant delight to the *Star's* publisher, Joseph E. Atkinson, who until his death at eighty-two in May, 1948, shaped the policies of his newspaper. "I've never really decided what effect our scoops have on circulation," he once said, in the precise voice of

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the Methodist minister he planned to be. "But they are so much fun!"

"Holy Joe" Atkinson, as his reporters nicknamed him irreverently, was a strange duck. He was essentially a pious evangelist with a highly developed sense of double-entry bookkeeping. His schizophrenic outlook on life was undoubtedly a product of his dour childhood. The youngest of eight children, he was a shy, stammering boy, whose father died when he was two, and whose mother died just before he was forced to become a millworker at the age of fourteen. He took comfort in the Bible and a Methodist hymnal, the only two books available in the prim boardinghouse where he was brought up.

He had risen to managing editor of the Montreal *Herald* when, in 1899, a group of Toronto Liberals persuaded him to come over and run the *Star,* which they had acquired for a hundred thousand dollars. Atkinson, who was permitted an option on *Star* stock, soon owned ninety-four per cent of the property and then was able to give free rein to his fetishes.

He showed his sense of social consciousness by speaking out for the Jewish and Catholic minority groups, advocated publicly owned streetcars and a hydroelectric system, championed workmen's compensation and high inheritance taxes, and sided with Communists who were being manhandled by the police. He displayed his puritanical bent by frowning on divorce and even personally stopped the presses to take out a cut of Wallis Simpson during the crisis of King Edward's abdication. Occasionally he stopped the presses when his photographers' cheesecake was too flagrant. A teetotaler to the end, he banned liquor advertisements and continued to remonstrate when Ontario finally sanctioned public cocktail bars.

ATKINSON'S reform tendencies, however, were somewhat tempered by a streak of parsimonious practicality imbedded in his nature. When social consciousness came too directly into conflict with business, his remembered poverty would overcome him, and expediency would win out. In his early days, he had thrown out the back-page advertisements of Canada's largest department store rather than accede to its management's threats; in later prosperous days he ordered that none of the *Star's* advertisers should be mentioned by name when a newsworthy accident occurred to their employees.

Hindmarsh and Hemingway

With his bookkeeper's mentality, Atkinson insisted that the editorial budget should always be balanced, no matter how much money was squandered on scoops. Thus, his son-in-law and editorial director, Harry C. Hindmarsh, now president of the *Star,* was given the harsh task of

firing battalions of reporters every few months. As one of their number put it, "There are always three reportorial staffs on the *Star*—one coming, one still working, and one just leaving."

Hindmarsh, a large, stolid, remote man, admittedly had a difficult time obeying the caprices of his father-in-law employer. But he accepted the burden, and as a result won the reputation for being both a relentless genius of a newspaperman and a tyrant. His was the task of dismissing the thirteen reporters at Christmas. For years after he was haunted by an annual joint telegram from his ex-employees wishing him a joyous Yuletide. His was the duty of firing Pierre Van Paassen after many Catholics had complained to Atkinson about Van Paassen's coverage of the Spanish Civil War. His was the order commanding Ernest Hemingway, back from covering Greece, Spain, and Turkey, to write a promotion story on a white peacock "to make sure he doesn't get too big for his breeches." Hemingway resigned by pasting a five-foot resignation sheet on the notice board threatening to punch Hindmarsh in the nose and promising to write a novel called *The Son-in-Law.*

THOUGH many of Hindmarsh's retainers had a passionate adulation for his meticulous concern for detail, one reporter once tried to assassinate him with a pair of copy shears. And when Atkinson built the *Star's* present twenty-three-story, $4.5-million building in 1929, one resentful employee suggested that this slogan be etched around it in yard-wide lettering: EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMARSH.

Cloudy Night Ahead?

Since Atkinson's death six years ago, Hindmarsh has been struggling to keep the *Star* intact under his direction in its razzle-dazzle form. Under the old man's will, the newspaper passed into the hands of the Atkinson Charitable Foundation, devoting the *Star's* profits into some forty-two worthy causes. Hindmarsh is the prime director of the foundation, drawing an annual salary of $25,000.

However, despite the vehement editorial efforts of Hindmarsh, the Ontario Progressive-Conservative Government was able to maintain power in the recent provincial elections and pass a retroactive Charitable Gifts Act. Aimed at the *Star,* it stipulates that the Atkinson Foundation must sell ninety per cent of the newspaper by 1956.

Unless the *Star* perpetrates some last-minute legal hocus-pocus, it now looks as though the Dominion's last haven of yellow journalism may have to call it quits. Yet for all its quirks and irresponsibility, I, for one, would be sorry to see the old paper go. In a period when most North American newspapers seem cut from the same syndicate-service pattern, as alike as pancakes in a pile, at least the *Star* dares to be an individualist. With all its flamboyancy, it has personality. I should miss buying my daily three-ring circus for five cents.

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Three B's or Not Three B's? A Dialogue in Dissonance

MARYA MANNES

THEY WERE sitting around, eight of them, listening to records of contemporary music. One was a composer, one a pianist, two a man and wife dedicated to the support of modern American music, one a teacher of composition, two students, and a woman with a troubled look. When the last record had ended and there was a pause punctuated by low murmurs of appreciation, she said, "Do you think we could play a little Mozart now?"

They turned to look at her, jarred.

"Still unconverted?" said the pianist, smiling.

"Don't worry about Mary," said the patron-host. "She just likes to graze in old pastures."

"I don't know if I care for that image," said the woman, "but frankly, I don't think I can take any more of what we've been hearing."

"What do *you* think we've been hearing?" asked the teacher.

"Wanderings," said the woman, "interminable wanderings in sound, interrupted now and then by excursions into noise."

"How about a drink, everybody?" said the hostess cheerily, rising. "What'll you have?"

The rest gave their orders and split into intense little analytical groups. The woman was left alone—exiled, she felt—with her trouble, until the composer came over and sat next to her.

"It's strange," he said, "how liberals can be so conservative about music." He went on to speak about a certain music critic on a magazine that espoused liberal causes who was consistently inhospitable to most modern music, especially American.

"I think that's a weak generalization," said the woman. "It's no more true than to say that reactionaries love modern music. But if you're going to include me in this blanket charge, I think I can come up with at least one explanation of the paradox."

Longhair vs. Wildhair

The composer looked at her expectantly, genuinely curious as to why such a block (his definition of her attitude toward modern music) could exist in one of her intelligence.

"The active liberal," she said, "lives in an atmosphere of flux and tension and doubt. There is much chaos and little pattern in the political world. It is atonal, dissonant, explosive. Because of this he craves order and harmony in art. After a day of headlines he needs Bach, not Sessions. In an age of constant change, he needs classic reaffirmations of constant values. In an age of violence, he profoundly desires peace. Surely whatever other qualities modern music may have, peace is not one of them."

"I think you're confusing peace with cessation," said the composer. "Status quo. And as for form or pattern, do you honestly believe that because you do not find it in Sessions or Krenek it does not exist? Do I have to bring up that old chestnut about artists misunderstood and vilified in their time now being popular and crystal clear—like, say, Stravinsky?"

"He may be clear as crystal," she said, "and I admire him very much. But I still maintain that after a day of Rhee or Knowland I am much less inclined to put 'The Rites of Spring' on the record player than 'Don Giovanni.'

"If you must know," she said, almost visibly buckling on her armor, "the one common quality I find in most modern music—and I am talking only about the 'abstract' composers, not men like Barber or Copland or Menotti or Dello Joio—is that it is disruptive and disturbing."

"You mean it makes you think, it shakes you out of your cozy familiar preoccupation with Bach, Beethoven, Brahms?"

The woman remarked that most modern music did not make her think of anything except the composer's poverty of soul and the end of his piece, should that ever arrive. She said that if she suspected talent running through his incoherence, she was angry because of the effort involved in discovering it. If there was no talent—merely a pretentious use of the most rigid modern idiom—she was even angrier.

"In other words, you find it disturbing because you simply do not understand it."

"If so," she said, "I am in a formidable majority—a much greater majority than those who still flinch at Picassos and Légers. *Your* audience," she said, "consists of a dedicated band of modern music practitioners and lovers, augmented by a slightly larger band of people who find it fashionable to pretend they understand it."

The Private 'I'

"In the absence of Gallup polls on the subject," said the composer, with an edge to his voice, "I can only say that this majority of yours must be obtuser than I thought."

The woman, calm until now, exploded. "There we go again! The calm assumption by avant-garde painters and composers and poets that people must learn *their* language—never that *they* must first learn to speak to people! This is the supreme arrogance of the Private 'I': 'Here is my cipher, boys, come and decode it.' I used to believe that art was a form of communcation."

THE COMPOSER tried to be patient. "Just what do you expect a young composer writing today to do—turn out little copies of Schubert and Chopin? What can he do but reflect the world he lives in!"

"Reflect?" she said. "Not exactly. I think I expect any artist to do two things: accept the past and fuse the present. If there is chaos, it is up to him not merely to reflect it but to give it meaning and shape; or rather, to find the central core momentarily obscured by chaos. The sky, for instance, may be a raging vortex of clouds, but the structure of the universe remains unchanged."

"Forget the vortex," said the composer, "and concentrate on the pretty little stars."

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"You can hardly accuse the great classic composers," she protested, "of avoiding the vortex. If anyone has translated deeper passions and greater conflicts into sound than Brahms and Beethoven and Bach, I would like to hear him."

"What you are really saying, you know, is that there should be no change in musical form or expression from the Three B's."

"Certainly there should. But not just because they are new or different. If a man doesn't know what he wants to say, or has nothing to say, no chorus of typewriters, dinner gongs, steam drills, and squash gourds is going to help him. Neither is a beat wholly outside the range of human experience."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the composer. "What would you call a 'beat *inside* the range of human experience?' "

Dum-De-Dum

The woman paused for a moment, searching for clarity. "Well, the beat of the heart, the rhythm of breathing. There they are, in everyone; definite, regular, inevitable. This beat, this breathing, must have its echo in music."

"Dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum," said the composer, scornfully.

"Don't be silly. Why are great melodies never forgotten? Because they take flight on the wings of breath. They are, literally and figuratively, man's aspiration. It's the same with great poetry; it has the cadence of the heart. But take so much of contemporary music, modern music. It is a pant, a stutter, a stammer. The nearest image I can relate to it is the walk of a spastic. You people seem to have some sort of disease of the soul. Your progression in music is one of fits and starts; it stumbles and wavers, gibbering as it goes. And even when it has a clear direction, it is so often one of assault—a series of jabs and punches designed to shock the ear into attention."

"Pretty images," said the composer, grinning. "You must come and hear my latest composition some day!"

The woman smiled too. "Thanks. I am always open to a new experience, even if I don't like it when I have it."

Thirteen Who Mutinied: Faulkner's First World War

IRVING HOWE

A FABLE, by William Faulkner. *Random House. $4.75.*

SUCH BOOKS as *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying* gain their breadth of interest from Faulkner's mastery in recording the modes and gestures of local behavior; their larger meanings are always anchored in concrete incident and depend upon unforgettable images of human character.

During the past ten years, however, Faulkner has gradually been shaking himself loose from the inspired compulsions of his imaginary world. As his interest in the portraiture of individual character has lessened, he has turned to speculations about the nature of man—a dangerous subject for a writer who likes to dress up romantic platitudes about Honor, Courage, and Endurance as philosophical universals. All too often Faulkner has come to rely upon the high-flown phrase instead of the precise description, and sometimes he has quite surrendered himself to the lure of high-falutin' rhetoric.

His new novel *A Fable* is a remarkable mixture of strength and weakness. Audacious in its choice of subject matter, which is nothing less than a vision of the Second Coming, *A Fable* is a difficult book. It is written not merely with Faulkner's usual involuted time sequence but at a pitch of frenzy so unrelieved that one's first, though not last, reaction is simple weariness. Nonetheless, anything coming from Faulkner's pen merits respect and consideration; we do not have many like him.

A Regiment Has Had Enough

The setting is France, a few months before the end of the First World War. The troops are exhausted. At the front a corporal and his twelve men persuade their regiment to disobey an order to attack. For some time now this mutinous platoon has been spreading the secret word of peace not merely among the Allied troops but also, mysteriously, among the Germans; every private at the front knows of the corporal's message, yet the officers are kept in almost total ignorance. Faulkner is extremely shrewd in observing the mute solidarity which binds enlisted men against their officers.

Once the regiment refuses to attack, the Germans in the facing trenches also drop their guns. In a few hours the front is quiet; the troops have made their own peace. Quickly the mutinous thirteen are thrown into prison, and the Allied and German staffs hold a hurried consultation, at which they decide that ordinary soldiers must not be allowed to conclude a war at their own will.

Meanwhile the French marshal who commands the Allied forces begins his investigation. In a remarkable conversation, this marshal—he combines elements of Foch, Pontius Pilate, and the Grand Inquisitor—offers the corporal his freedom on condition he renounce his martyrdom, an offer which the corporal immediately rejects. Nor does the marshal really desire that the offer be accepted. Both men are driven by a sense of impersonal destiny, both feel that they are *re-enacting* a great drama. The corporal senses that the very principle of his existence requires a refusal of freedom, while the marshal knows that only if the corporal refuses can the principle for which he will be martyred receive its vindication.

A last supper is held in a jail cell; a Judas is revealed; a disciple named Piotr denies the corporal and later, weeping, falls before his feet; two women named Marthe and Marya wait patiently for the moment of agony; the corporal is thrust into a cell with two thieves and then shot between them.

This, in skeleton, is the main plot

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line of *A Fable,* and whenever Faulkner stays close to it he writes with grave economy and concentration. The brilliantly conceived Christ figure is an illiterate peasant who rarely speaks and then, happily, with none of the frenetic garrulousness that overcomes almost everyone else in the book. Faulkner has presented his Christ as a calm, strong, natural leader exerting his authority with placid self-command, a man entirely without dogma or theology or even visible religion and free from the vice of preaching—as Faulkner is not. Brought back in chains to face an inflamed mob, the corporal reveals "a face merely interested, attentive, and calm, with something else in it which none of the others had: a comprehension, understanding, utterly free of compassion, as if he had already anticipated without censure or pity the uproar which rose and paced and followed the lorry as it sped on." Perhaps the finest scene in the book is the last supper at which the dirty, ignorant, unexalted mutineers fumble for the words of a grace.

Unfortunately, Faulkner has not been content to stay with his simple story. Whether from rhetorical self-indulgence, a misconceived desire to render things profound, or a failure to grasp the requirements of the fable, he has chosen to weave several subplots into the book. These subplots vary from humorous byplay to rather cheap theatrical fireworks, and in their sum they seriously mar the book. Faulkner, it would seem, was unable to decide whether he was writing a novel or a bare fable, and the result is an incongruous mixture of the two genres, a splendidly written fable that is cluttered and fretted with structural complexities appropriate only to a novel.

The Willingness to Endure

But what is the deeper intention behind the book? Why has Faulkner abandoned his usual settings and turned to a re-enactment of Christ's agony in the trenches of the First World War?

Though Faulkner could hardly have intended it, the book has a somewhat startling political significance. The idea of fraternization, which only such extreme radicals as Karl Liebknecht were advocating in 1917 and 1918, is here implicitly accepted as the word of a new Christ. When Faulkner shows British and German artillery joining to shell soldiers who have begun to fraternize in No Man's Land, one is reminded—no matter how odd the comparison may seem—of such radical war novelists as Henri Barbusse. Perhaps all that can legitimately be said on this score is that Faulkner's vision of Christian fraternity is here so uncompromising as to bring him close to the traditional radical treatment of the First World War.

Far more important is Faulkner's effort to make his fable into a statement of moral significance. I am not convinced that the book contains a fully coherent view of things, though its subject obviously allows the largest possibilities for philo-

sophical implication. To the degree that such implication is actually present and not wished upon the novel by theologizing literary critics, it surely comes to one of the most desperate and radically bleak visions of human experience that any novelist in our time has advanced. The very idea of a *re-enactment* is itself utterly desperate. To conceive of a Second Coming which is essentially a repetition of the original agony; to see the Christ figure again scorned by the crowds, again betrayed and deserted by his followers, again crushed by the state; and most terrible of all, to conceive of a Christ who knows he is doomed, who offers neither hope nor a belief in the idea of hope—all this, if not heresy or even blasphemy, implies a vision of despair that completely undercuts the assumptions of both our liberal culture and of Christianity itself. For Faulkner, Christ now seems to signify the Crucifixion without the Redemption; or perhaps it is that the Crucifixion has become a Redemption.

The central figures of *A Fable* see themselves as actors in a prearranged drama, what Faulkner calls a "pageant-rite." It is the nature of a rite that it repeats its fundamental rhythms. So that despite its furious assaults of language, the book is fundamentally static, its fatalism of conception making it into a series of set pieces for an action already known and determined, an action without possibility for novelty or transcendence.

What remains? Only the gesture of resistance, the willingness to endure, the integrity of fearlessness. On one of the few times the corporal permits himself a moral generalization it is simply to remark: "Don't be afraid. There's nothing to be afraid of. Nothing worth it."

Honor and Bravery?

This ethic of resistance seems to me vastly impressive, and it would be still more impressive if it were not compromised by Faulkner's fondness for swollen apostrophes to military derring-do. The conflict between a romantic celebration of honor and a mature reliance upon integrity has always troubled his work, but never in so damaging a way. Had he deliberately tried, Faulkner could have found no better way of exposing the essential triviality of all his talk about Honor and Bravery than by juxtaposing it to the rhythm of the Passion. Nor is there much evidence in *A Fable* that this contrast is deliberate or fully understood by him.

Finally, the problem of style. Whatever the justification for Faulkner's serpentine sentences, tortured syntax, and verbal barbarisms in his earlier books, I can see none for them here, where everything cries out for restraint, for quietness and relaxation and poise. But by now Faulkner has become intoxicated by his lust for language; he has become the victim of his grating screeching rhythms, which spin out mechanically whether there is need for them or not, and he employs such dead and ugly phrases as "moiling

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diastole of motes" with an air of nonchalance more depressing than if it were bravado. Often, reading *A Fable*, we feel that Faulkner is presenting not an impression of what is happening, but a cascade of rumination about something that might, if we could only be sure, be happening behind the screen of his language. If he would only get out of his own way!

A Fable is likely to stimulate vast quantities of literary exegesis and solemn piety. (The publishers proclaim it as nothing less than a classic.) Efforts will be made to assimilate the book to Christian dogma, ingenuities expended in working up comparisons with the New Testament. Without wishing to deny that *A Fable* has pages and even sections that only a genius could have written, I would simply like to record the opinion, as a kind of anticipatory dissent, that seldom before in American literature, and perhaps only in the case of Melville, have we had so dramatic an example of a virtuoso undone by his virtuosity.

A Note in Rejoinder

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

IT IS PERHAPS the crosses on the cover, the crosses as initials to the chapters, that predispose the reader to mistake an evocation of Christ for a re-enactment of Christ's Passion. Faulkner has not written another in the intolerable series of "If-Christ-Were-to-Return" books. There is a moving parallelism, although never a literal one, between characters and events in *A Fable* and those in the New Testament. But Faulkner's corporal is no Christ in uniform, and the Supreme Commander who is the corporal's father is not God the Father, nor, when he tempts his son and offers him the world, is he Satan. Faulkner does not reinterpret or re-edit Christ. He is looking at man, not at Christ, at man's suffering in war, and if man's anguish reminds Faulkner of Christ's, there is no blasphemy, no heresy.

As the First World War dragged on, the infantrymen, French, British, and German, were brought by years of suffering, exhaustion, and boredom to a state of innocence in which hate was no longer an effective stimulus and the lure of victory without power to appeal. Some French troops mutinied after the generals sent them once too often into a foredoomed offensive. Yet most of the infantry stayed in the trenches, and no more recent demonstration of endurance has surpassed their performance. The mutiny was suppressed. The French held out for the last quarter hour and won that war.

This is what took place in history, but Faulkner's subject is what might have taken place had the mutiny spread to the British and Americans and to the Germans. The war would have been at a standstill. In Faulkner's book this larger mutiny is suppressed, the war is resumed. By whose will? For what compelling reasons?

The End of Pacifism

Once the automatism of war has taken hold, are there no people who combine the desire and the power to end it? Against what superior forces must their efforts break? These were questions very generally asked—for the most part prudently and secretly—as the First World War dragged on. The Russians, of course, asked them openly and left the war. The questions were asked in Germany, in France, and in Britain. When the war was over, the people who had been asking them only in their minds were happy enough to see them asked in print. Erich Maria Remarque, Henri Barbusse, and John Dos Passos asked them and furnished bitter answers, indicting the established order and the generals. Hemingway brought a woman into the picture, and compromised.

But in practically no time at all it was as if these books had never been written or read. The Russians had withdrawn from war only to start a dozen civil wars. The western world which had abolished war was rapidly

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preparing a war even more widespread than the one from which it had emerged.

When that Second World War came, no one seriously sought to halt it at any stage prior to the conditions that would bring unconditional surrender. And when it finally was brought to an end, its termination was accomplished by no universal expectation of enduring peace, no immense assurance that a new era was at hand. Neither V.-E. nor V.-J. Days were final in the way that Armistice Day in 1918 seemed final, to the Allies and the enemy alike. Now, in the uncertain present, the question of pacifism—for that is what this whole business of mutiny vs. authority amounts to—is not asked.

That this should be so is largely the fault of the radicals. They would never see the other side. Their indictment was oversimplified. The only general they could ever think of liking would be one who committed suicide. The concept of authority, in any field whatever, was abhorrent to them. The words "honor," "duty," "courage" lost their shine when related to the word "officer."

The Cross Is War

In *A Fable,* the whole problem of war is re-examined. In a book that is like a persisting nightmare, Faulkner looks at war, at the men who die and the men who order them, who must order them, to die, as if he were totally unaware that it is now hardly useful to do so. He writes also as if no one had ever worried about the matter before, as if he were looking at the First World War for the first time. Faulkner joined up with the Canadians in 1918; he has retained what he saw then, what he thought about then, not blurring it with any subsequent acceptance or sophistication.

That is why the people in this book are in the First World War and not in any other. They revolt, are condemned, and die with the heartbreaking innocence that characterized those war years—before the great disillusionments.

The Supreme Commander is Faulkner's great achievement. For if Faulkner asks the pacifist questions, he asks them with unlimited understanding of those to whom they are put. The scales are not weighed. In his debate with the Supreme Commander, the corporal does not win. He could not win, for the Supreme Commander is a composite picture of all the components of authority and of all the justifications for authority. He represents the wisdom of the world. But what does the corporal represent?

There are the crosses at the chapter heads, and when the corporal is executed, he falls back into barbed wire and his head is circled with barbed wire. But the only thing of which we may be sure is that the Supreme Commander, the general who calls him a murderer, the corporal, and all of us are Christ.

The Life, Loves, and Loathings Of the Egregious Ben Hecht

FREDERIC MORTON

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY, by Ben Hecht. *Simon and Schuster. $5.*

BEN HECHT is a portable volcano, whether hooked up to a marriage, to an ideology, or, as he usually is, to a typewriter. With the typewriter (and especially in this autobiography) he produces prose that may be described as verbal Cinerama. Just as that photographic device utilizes three cameras, so Mr. Hecht employs simultaneously three vocabularies. The first is drawn from the volatile reservoir of Jewish folk wit, the second employs the curt, hard-hitting idiom of the newspaper reporter, and a third uses the rhetoric of a widely read intellectual.

With such equipment, Mr. Hecht begins to flash his life onto the pages. His childhood was designed to make a snappy lead story. Part of it was spent on the Lower East Side of New York, part in a small Wisconsin town.

Later, a runaway teen-ager turned reporter in Chicago, he would read Proust in a waterfront shack while his paper's photographer snapped the perforated corpse on the floor. And when Bennie roistered the whole night through, he lingered just a little longer than his boon companions before passing out. The sun had to be watched as it rose behind the dusty casements of a North Side dive, and an *aubade* be composed in its honor, before Bennie joined his comrades under the table.

Much of this may represent the working of a mind in which devotion to the picturesque is stronger than worship of accuracy. Nostalgia is usually more Rabelaisian than experience. But no one can doubt that Mr. Hecht wallowed in the life, the lilt, and even the grime, disease, and death around him in the Chicago of his youth. Actually the underprivileged child of a tough era, Bennie Hecht was a prince in love, as long as there were a drink, a hussy, and a pencil around.

Loves and Hates

Everything is wonderful. There is his family, a huge group of gaily impoverished Russian Jews. Mr. Hecht loves them not with the celebrity's ostentatious stoop from the pedestal; he loves them for yarn-studded chapters simply because to him they are wonderful. Then there is Sherman Duffy, young Ben's superior on the Chicago *Daily Journal.* He seems to have been a bluff, fact-centered man, probably not overaffectionate toward cheeky young cubs. Yet Mr. Hecht loves him with enthusiasm and (in view of the fact that Mr. Duffy's best dialogue is 200 proof Hecht) with, I suspect, inventiveness.

And he goes on loving. As Mr. Hecht rises in the newspaper hierarchy, as he marries and becomes in 1919 (in his middle twenties) chief correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* in Germany, as he returns to promote the Florida land boom, writes hit plays and divorce agreements, as he remarries, makes hundreds of thousands and owes millions—he still loves such as Maxwell

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Bodenheim, Charles Dickens, German expense-account beer, and Carl Sandburg. As he goes to Hollywood to become the No. 1 boy-meets-girl dreamer-upper to the tune of ten thousand a week, he embraces among others, Joseph Conrad, John Barrymore, and Mickey Cohen. By now he also hates a few people—movie moguls, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise—and some he both loves and hates: Sherwood Anderson for instance.

BUT AT THIS STAGE the direction of Mr. Hecht's emotion already seems less important than the narrative opulence in which it is clothed. His derision has the same anecdotal sureness as his adoration. Is it possible that Mr. Hecht became so variously involved with the world only so that later on he could write fascinatingly about it?

Is Thinking Necessary?

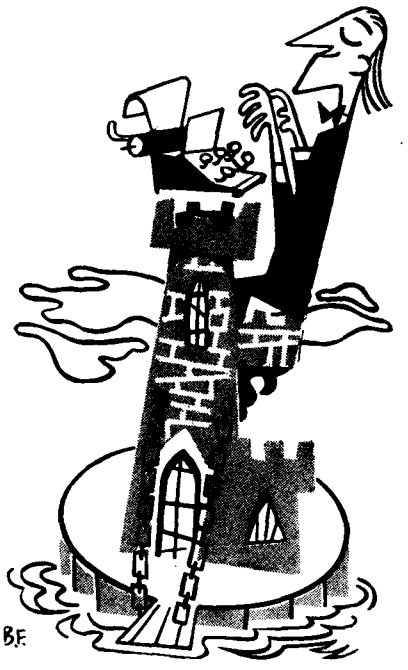
In the sixth reel, when the audience is coming to demand more authentic psychological participation of the author, his career provides a blockbuster climax: Mr. Hecht's passionate espousal of Irgun terrorism in Palestine.

Mr. Hecht's role in those tragic days is well known. An excerpt from his widely advertised "Letter to the Terrorists of Palestine" gives the gist of his position:

"Every time you blow up a British arsenal, or wreck a British jail, or send a British railroad train sky-high or rob a British bank, or let go with your guns and bombs at British betrayers and invaders of your homeland, the Jews of America make a little holiday in their hearts."

How did this least embittered of worldlings, this man who by his own admission never lost a penny or suffered a blow on account of his Jewish origin, who had traveled through Germany meeting extremists of all parties without awareness of an undoubtedly prevalent anti-Semitism, this blithe American whose "only political activity until the second World War was to try to make money betting on winners"—how did Ben Hecht, of all people, rise up to become the Lucifer of a perverted cause?

The history-twisting fanatic, to whom Ben-Gurion is a weasel-headed traitor and Franklin D. Roosevelt a confirmed hater of all Jews, is but another incarnation of the literary swashbuckler who confesses, "No ideas have ever filled me with wonder. Phrases have. It is



phrasing alone that can bring fresh gifts to the spirit." Both aspects of Ben Hecht spring from a robust impatience with the complications of thinking. Here is a man who had such a fast good time that nothing really hurt him. There was never need to stop, to nurse a wound, to cope with a vacuum, to forge a viewpoint out of sullen chaos. "That I could have been what I was," Mr. Hecht writes, "and become what I am without suffering acutely over such change is a miracle of insensitivity." Since he never doubted, he never had to believe. The lack of a moral base abandoned Ben Hecht to political irresponsibility. It also stopped him, so powerfully gifted with expression, on the threshold of genius.

WITH TYPICALLY zestful humility, Mr. Hecht complains about his novels: "The characters I have made up are still alive, but they inhabit no world—only a closet. They continue to utter their many fine sentences, to weep, joke, or make love —but in a closet always." Mr. Hecht's verse, for all its fine-honed Swinburneisms, is that of a poetaster. His best movie scripts are classics of craftsmanship, not of art. And this autobiography, while much more smoothly put together than, say, Artie Shaw's *The Trouble with Cinderella,* is at bottom a less deeply felt reading experience. Behind the mask of the clown and the commotion of the iconoclast, another Shaw, G.B.S., was always the apostle. The superb Shavian thrust that sometimes looms out of Mr. Hecht's language is a promise never realized.

THE ABSENCE of a true emblem in Ben Hecht's life was never clearer than when he waved the banner of Irgun. The end of the Second World War revealed that millions of Jews had been murdered. Like many hitherto immune to philosophy, Mr. Hecht realized that it was a time for ideals. But being what he was and is, he could not grasp a creed like Zionism, born of suffering, indecision, and hard-earned wisdom. However, he could seize on the flat dogma that Englishmen in Palestine must be killed. Such a dogma is a sawed-off faith, easier to carry around with you and going off with a bigger bang. Mr. Hecht, having flourished all his life on bright certainties, endorsed the infallibility of the bullet. He had only contempt for a Zionism which, besides the last resort of the trigger, also enlisted patience, endurance, and persistence,

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the very weapons with which the Jews have survived all their tormenters and the weapons that Mr. Hecht never had occasion to use.

If Mr. Hecht's infatuation with the Irgun dramatizes the climate of his character, so the spectacle of his success reflects some of the pressure under which we all live. In a time when the proof of the pudding lies no longer in the eating (that would take too long) but in the packaging, in an era placing a premium on endless facility, Mr. Hecht was anesthetized by his own riches. He was so good with a gimmick that he didn't have to bother with inspiration. And that is a pity. I am thinking of Balzac, who prospered with potboilers until smitten by the *Comédie Humaine,* and of Gauguin, who lifted his teacup in the bankers' club each afternoon until beauty whisked him into a Tahitian hut. I wish Ben Hecht had lived in less efficiency-encumbered surroundings that would have given him the chance to sit back and wonder and occasionally be frustrated.

Youth Is Nice

After we have done with the six hundred scintillating pages of *A Child*

of the Century, we know that youth is nice, Chicago brawling, and Hollywood a place where dreams are ground into box-office bait. We are enriched with shrewd graphic elaborations of things we have been conscious of before, not with the new echoes of a truly original vision. What Mr. Hecht performs in this autobiography is the ingenious rendition of the obvious—a feat which also distinguishes the better-than-average best seller and the technically superb but thin-souled "A" movie. Consciously he has unloosed a marvelous mob of little tales while unconsciously pointing a less than wholesome moral.

Book Notes

REACH FOR THE SKY, by Paul Brickhill. *Norton. $3.75.*

A biography of the legendary Douglas Bader, British ace of the Second World War. As a twenty-one-year-old Flying Officer, Bader lost both legs in a crash while he was low-level stunting in 1931. In the next few years, he learned to walk on artificial legs, to drive, to dance, to play golf, and even to fly again. In 1939, after the outbreak of war, the R.A.F. took him back as a regular and at his previous rank (though at the same time continuing his hundred per cent disability pension). Bader fought in Spitfires, became a leading figure during the Battle of Britain, ran up a confirmed score of 22½ enemy planes, and attained the rank of wing commander before being shot down over France on August 9, 1941.

In spite of his disability, Bader proved a most difficult prisoner, forever asserting his rights and watching for chances to get away. After his fourth or fifth escape attempt, the Germans sent him, artificial legs and all, to the famous "escape-proof" prison camp of Colditz Castle east of Leipzig about which two postwar books have been written. At Colditz Bader and his restless compatriots kept on baiting guards and trying to escape until units of U.S. First Army freed them on April 14, 1945.

Mr. Brickhill's carefully documented biography is a first-rate adventure yarn, a sure best seller in Britain and Canada. One wishes, however, that he had managed to avoid a treacly tone of adulation usually reserved by British writers for the royal family.

•

THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH. A WINTER COMEDY, by Christopher Fry. *Oxford University Press. $2.75.*

THE CHARM in Oscar Wilde's comedies always consisted to a great degree in the grace with which his characters spoke. Christopher Fry has the same grace, which his verse form enhances. But he brings a seriousness, a concern for matters of broad human interest, even an awareness of politics—in the broadest sense—that were not Wilde's concern. In this short play, there is a great and lovely lady whose anxieties are caused not by the possibility that she left her fan in someone's room but by the immediate problems that arise when two warring armies successively invade her country house. They are civilized armies of a hundred years ago when the Hungarians were attempting to effect an exit from the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the lady has nothing but inconvenience to fear from them. But she is confronted with the spectacle of cowardice presented by her daughter's ex-husband, and she will have no rest until that spectacle is erased.

•

GOVERNMENT AND SCIENCE, by Don K. Price. *New York University Press. $3.75.*

TO FIND OUT why steamboat boilers kept exploding, Congress in 1832 voted $1,500 to the Franklin Institute—the first U.S. government grant for scientific experimentation. Scientists have been complaining ever since about the way government tries to control what it supports.

"Scientists who dislike the restraints of highly organized research like to remark that a truly great research worker needs only three pieces of equipment: a pencil, a piece of paper, and a brain. But they quote this maxim more often at academic banquets than at budget hearings." Don Price, formerly an official of the Budget Bureau and vice-chairman of the Pentagon's Research and Development Board, has survived a generation of budget hearings and professional meetings to become associate director of the Ford Foundation. In this book he describes the "new and rather unsystematic system of improvised federalism" by which American scientists are cajoled, bribed, and drafted to help the government govern.

The scientist is impatient with authority. But it seems to Mr. Price that ". . . the political attacks on the integrity of science are—in the United States—more often the result of weakness or absence of central administration than they are of its having too much authority."

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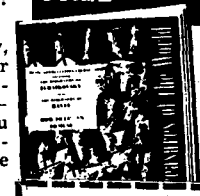

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